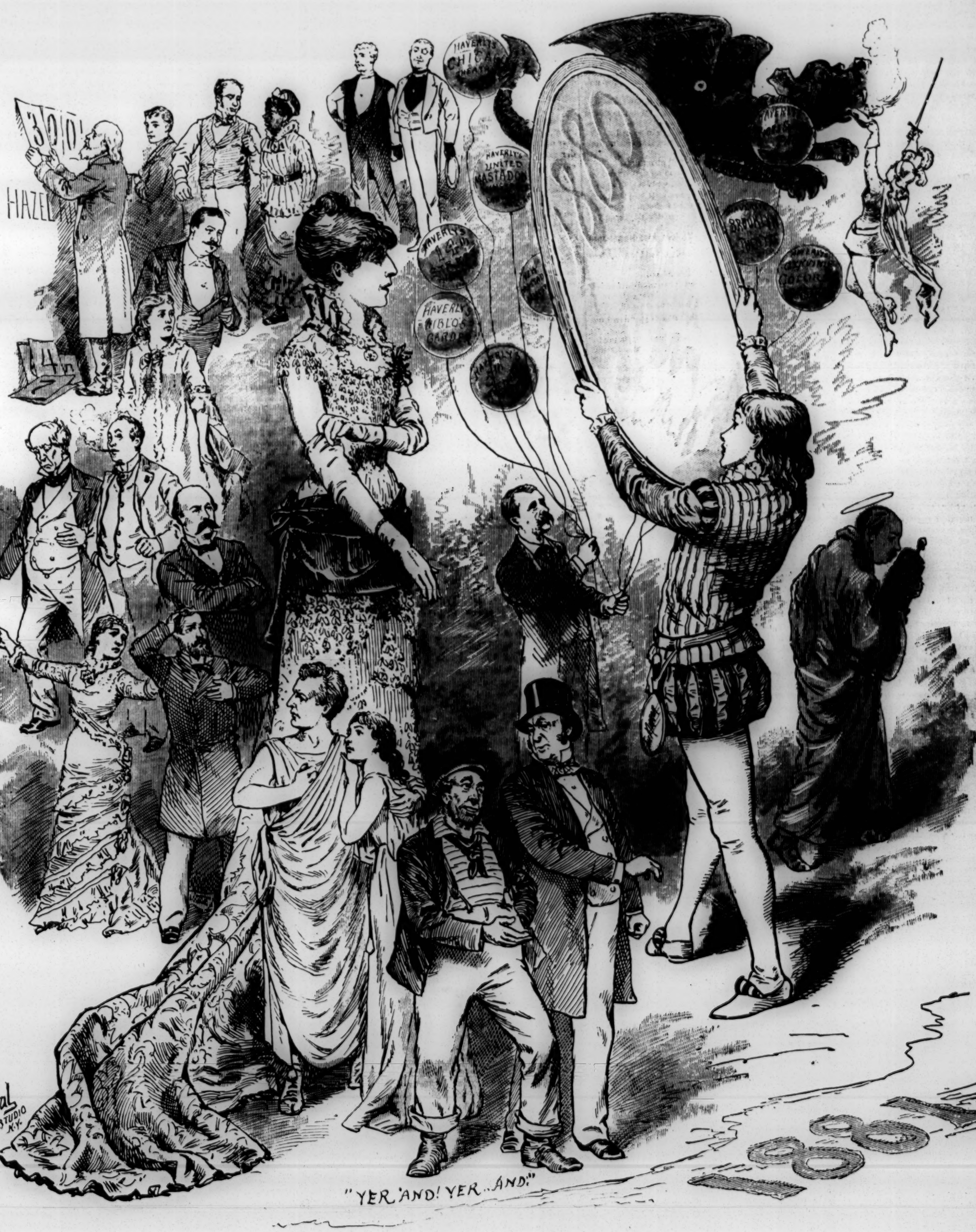
THE NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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"YER 'AND! YER 'AND!"

THE MIRROR OF THE SEASON.

The Tail of a Coat.

BY STEPHEN FISKE.

The other night, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, Signor Ben Sherwood had represented, as well as the resources of the scene-room would permit, a glorious Summer at Naples. At 2 E. L. was the entrance to the house of Signora Olivia, covered with climbing vines and radiant with roses, that blushed at the companionship of the gaudy hollyhocks which were thrown in upon the wings. Providence and Ben Sherwood had evidently conspired together to adorn this Neapolitan garden with English elms and Russian pines; and the sky, although golden with the sunshine of the lime-light, had clouds not often seen in southern latitudes; but, nevertheless, we knew that it was Summer, not only from the flowers and the abundant vegetation, but by the way that everybody walked about bareheaded and without great-coats, shawls or wraps.

In the midst of this glorious Summer scene, there entered Mary Evadne Anderson Colonna, wearing a low-necked black dress, which was trimmed around the bottom of the skirt with dark fur. She was in great grief, and I could not help sympathizing with her, she was so lovely; but the fur interfered with my sympathy and kept suggesting the question, Why under the sun she wore it—or, rather, why she wore it under the sun?

She was not cold; there could be no doubt about that. Her swanlike neck and superb shoulders were bare. Besides, a trimming of fur around the bottom of a long-trained dress could not possibly warm anybody, even if the scene were in Siberia.

While I was pondering upon this question in came Evadne's brother, Milnes Levick Colonna, and he too had his doublet trimmed with fur to match the long train of his sister, Mary Evadne—and very uncomfortable he looked in it beneath the Summer sky.

Such an old and experienced actor as Milnes Levick Colonna never does or wears anything without a reason, and such a star as Mary Evadne would not trim her robe inappropriately after having played the part so often. Reasoning thus, I recalled the fact that a bit of fur on the tail of a coat or gown was considered, theatrically, as the proper expression of gloom and despair in costume, and in a moment my old friend, The Stranger, appeared before me, the type and model of almost all the gloom and despair that infest the stage.

Did anybody ever see The Stranger without fur around the tail of his coat? Would any actor be able to play The Stranger without that ornament to his costume? With him as a precedent, Mary Evadne and Milnes Colonna could wear as much fur in that Neapolitan scene as they liked, and safely defy the critics and the probabilities.

The mingled roses and hollyhocks, elms and pines, sunshine and furs which the genius, or the necessities, of Signor Sherwood had placed before us, vanished like a dream, and in their place I saw, as I have seen it years ago, a burlesque at a London theatre, in which Lionel Brough played The Stranger, and on the end of each long tail of his negro-minstrel coat a bit of fur was stitched to identify him with the character. He folded that coat carefully and anxiously brushed out the fur, before plunging into the raging river—at least an inch deep—in which he stood upon his head to rescue his little Excellency. I could hear the shouts of laughter and applause with which this exploit was received, and which were redoubled when Miss Henrietta Hodson, as Mrs. Haller, slipped some camphor among the fur upon The Stranger's coat-tails, as the sublimest expression of her gratitude, as who should say: "Preserve the fur and you will save The Stranger!"

Mary Evadne wept at the feet of Vicenco; Milnes Colonna raved and threatened; but, although the rest of the audience were in tears and tremors, I heard them not; for now I was back at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, and J. L. Toole, the favorite English comedian, was playing Paul Pry.

It was the scene at the village inn, where Paul Pry is seated at a table reading a newspaper, and Stanley enters and at once excites the curiosity of the typical gossip.

Paul Pry had been put on in a hurry; the characters were dressed from the wardrobe of the theatre; and Stanley had been given the coat usually worn by The Stranger, identified to every theatrical eye by the fur trimming around the skirt.

As Toole looked over his newspaper and inspected Stanley, I saw his eyes twinkle and his mobile mouth begin to wreathe itself into a sudden smile. Then, to the astonishment of the other actor and the audience, he leaned forward, and, instead of the line of his part, began the conversation with the startling inquiry

"And how is Mrs. Haller?"

There was a moment's silence. Then Arnott, who played Stanley, looked down at his fur-trimmed coat, and was as mute as a mouse. The audience caught the spirit of the interpolation and burst into a roar.

"Do not dissemble with me," cried Toole, rising. "You may not have seen Mrs. Haller lately; but you must tell me how is his little Excellency?"

For a quarter of an hour there was no more Paul Pry; for Arnott, taking up his cues, interpolated an entire scene from The Stranger. Toole had played Peter a hundred times at that very theatre, and every man, woman and child in the front of the house understood the role and applauded every speech. I was heartily enjoying it all over again, when down came the Fifth Avenue curtain and the sister and brother Colonnas, with their fur-trimmed robes, disappeared like Signor Sherwood's mixed but sunshiny Neapolitan Summer.

Oofty Gooft on Der Dramp.

NUMMER EIGHD.

HABBY GRISDMAS.

Dot's now Grisdmas morning und efryding's shdill,
My schildrens dem's shleebing so nice,
A-dreaming shweed dreams mit deir faces all shmiles,
Ecksseckly like dwo hair of mice:
Deir leedle vite heads all laid in a row,
Und deir fad leedle hands shdicking oud,
So blump und so glean, und der leedle red libs
Don'd look like dey efer cood poud.
Dwo prafe leedle poys und dwo sweed leedle guls,
Der nicesd dot efer vas seen,
Dey lay dere ecksseckly like four leedle lambs
Dot vas porn to done nodiug bud dream
Dey do dream, 'boud Sandy Glaus mit his crey hair,
His reindeers und little old shleigh,
Und dey'm dreaming of such a nice dings he vill brung
To made full deir shdockings to day.
Dey don'd got no sorrows und drouples und dings
For to made dem feld sick und distressed:
Dey'm healdy und shdrong und dey lay dere jusd like
Four shmall leedle shnibes in a nesd
Shleep on, my shmall darlings, shleeb on like der doose,
Dem shdockings vas full ubon dop:
Dot Sandy vos here dree hours ago since
Mit some dings dot I buyed in a shop.
Dey lay dere so quied, so shdill und so nice,
You vood dink dey cood nefer made noise,
Bud vaid dill bymby ven der daylighd vas came,
Und dey found all dem blaydings und doys.
Dey vill bead on dem fludes, und blew on dem drums,
Und made such a hellerbelloo,
Dot I'll had to vent oud for to made ninedeen calls
Und shday boud fife hours or dwo.
Und den I'll came back: voond dey growd me den
For to show me der nice dings dey'fe got!
Und I'll had to blay on dem drums und dot fludes
No use of I like dot or not.
All righd! I vill do id. Dey'm all dot I'fe got
In dis gruel vide vorld to blay for:
I'll blay dill my head dot vas busded abart,
Und der nay pors vas grazy nexd door.
Dey'm der joy of my life, und of somevon vas broud
Boud his babies, dot veller vas me:
Ven dey shmile, den I shmile, ven dey gry, den I gry,
Dot's der kind of a fader I be.
Und now friends, dot's in efry blace round,
Me und my babies so shmall—
Yes, der olt mudder, doo—she vas near gidding lefd—
Ve vish Habby Grisdmas to all.

So you like dot, eh Sharley? Vell I'm always glat ven anyvon's bleased mit anyding dot I done for dem. Yes, sir, I made dot ub oud of my own head, und I got vood enuff lef'd in id for annuder von. Somedime I may dink vell enuff of you to got id oud.

Sharley, vill you efer forgot der dime ven you vas a youngsder und Grisdmas vas coming? How dickled you vas ven der firsd shnow used to come, und ven id did come, how you vood shday oud in id dill your ears und nose vas mosd freezed off, und you vood got licked for being oud so lade? Und how mit der firsd shnow-shdorm, wisions of Sandy Glaus und shdockings hung ub on der mandelbiece, shockfull of dogs und efryding. vood flid drough your young prain? How you vood shdand for hours gaping indo der doyshdore vindows ad all der boody dings und vonder of dear olt Sandy Glaus vood only be goot enuff to bring you nice dings like all dese? How a growd of oder leedle dramps, jusd like you, vood got togedder und vish for cerdain dings, und vish dree dimes so's dot id vood be sure to come drue? Ah, dose vere der sunshiniesd days of our lifes; der habbiesd momends of our oxisdence und ve didn'd knew id. Und how goot ve used to be boud a veek or fourdeen days pefore Grisdmas for fear dot ve voodn'd got anyding in our shdockings bud a cowhide. Kin you efer forgot how carefully you used to hung ub your shdocking for fear dot voodn'd shday hung und Sandy Glaus vood be unaple to found der hole in der dop of id? Kin you efer forgot Grisdmas Efe ven you got down on you knees to said your brayers, ven you got boud half vay drough, you cood hardly keeb from asking Sandy Glaus to pud a hundred-dollar mince-bie or a dwendy-cend verlosypede in your leedle shdocking? Und jusd so soon as you got to der tag of your brayer—der "Amen" bart of id—you jumbed in bed, glosed your eyes und vished for more dings dan vood fill full vour fader's bandyloons of der legs vas tied round der boddom und dey vas hung ub by der susbenders? How you finally vent to shleeb to dream a dream of innocence und buridy—bure as der shnow dot vas ad dot dime falling from Heafen und making efryding burer and viter id fell on? (I dink I said someding like dot once pefore in a boem I wrid endidled "Beaudiful Shnow." Yes, I vas der auder of "Beaudiful Shnow." I wrid id in Baris, in 18 und 12. Don'd exbose me Sharley, cause dere's a varrant oud in six or sefen different languages for der auder of Beaudiful Shnow. Und in der morning how you vood glimb oud of bed to found oud vot Sandy Glaus fedched you—how eagerly you vent drough dot shdocking, dumbed efryding oud und examined der heel und doe drying to discofer someding else. Den how you cood hardly vait to cad your veatbuck cakes cause you vanted to show your dings to der leedle feller next door und made him jealous. How you vent oud in der shdreed und made efryvon in der nayporhood vild mit your fish horn, leedle dinking dot in after years you vood gurse der German silfer son-of-a-gun dot inwended dem. Und ve're poys yed, Sharley, aldough ve hafe to buy und vear men's garmends, und ve hung ub our shdockings on leedle bins as shlender as ve did years ago. Und ve dream of der coming morrow like ve did ad dot dime. Ve don'd say our brayers so ofden maybe, nor our shdockings don'd vas hung ub so carefully und our dreams came so bure und innocend, bud ve vish all der same, und ven von shdocking vas full ve hung ub anudder und keeb hanging dem so long as Sandy Glaus vill fill dem.

Grisdmas vas a habby dime, Sharley. Id prings joy und comford to many, bud id prings sorrow, doo. Led us not forgot der vidows und orfans; led us dink of some boor lacdor who a year ago saw a Merry Grisdmas surrounded by beace und blendy, und who is now suffering from bain und disease. Many are der faces dot a year ago vas cofered mit shmiles dot dis Grisdmas are laid avay nefer to be uncofered. God bless der kind hearded beeble in dis vorld, und if efer a brayer come from der boddom of my heart id comes now ven I say God bless der kind-hearded beeble in dis vorld. Der oder day ad der Elks benefid I vadched der growds of beeble bouring indo der Academy of Music, und I vas glat mitin me und my heart shvelled mit love, gradidude und venerashion for dot nople insdidushion, der Order of Elks, tounded on Sharidy und Broderly Love, cause I knowed dot der broceeds of dot benefid vood helb made many a von habby dis Grisdmas, bind ub deir vounds, sood deir sorrows, dry deir eyes und cause dem to dank our Heafenly Fader dot dere vas such a nople band of goot beeble doughdful enuff of der sufferings of oders to dewode deir dalends und deir apilidies in der righd vay. Dime rolls on, Sharley, und maybe ven anudder Grisdmas comes und goes ve doo vill be drobbed oud of der bill. Led us dry to be bedder und do all der goot ve kin und made efry von habby around us—den ve vill be aple to say to efrypody ve need: "I vish you a Merry Grisdmas, und many of dem," und mean id doo.

My Christmas Sermon.

BY SYDNEY COWELL.

It was not in a magnificent cathedral, rich church, or prim Methodist chapel. It was not delivered by learned priest, reverend clergyman, earnest preacher. It was in the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and it was spoken and enacted by a poor little ballet-girl. Such were the surroundings, and such was the exponent, of the finest sermon that ever reached my ears and touched my heart.

I have been asked to recall any memory of Christmas that I fancy might prove interesting to the readers of THE MIRROR; to those of my own sex, and of my own profession especially, I hope and trust this little story may be so. At all events, I can vouch for its veracity, and there are many of the companions of those early days who will recall the incident, should this paper ever meet their eyes, in far-off England. Well, then; it was my first engagement for "A line of business," and being both very young and inexperienced I was not a little proud of holding a responsible position in so excellent a theatre. I know I worked hard, and tried earnestly to please my kind and clever manageress, also to ingratiate myself into the good graces of the other members of the company. With few exceptions these were experienced professional people, and the ladies were, without a doubt, perfectly irreproachable. So good, indeed, were one or two, that their goodness approached "goodyism," which I have since learned to suspect is a very different quality.

There was in the company at that time a young lady whom I shall designate by the title of "Helen Stuart." She played parts of a few lines, and danced in the ballet, but on account of belonging to a very respectable but impoverished family, and to the possession of a remarkably pretty face and figure, she was regarded as a girl rather above the ordinary, and was a person of some position in the theatre. I always felt attracted toward Miss Stuart. She appeared proud, but timid, and although invariably civil and courteous to her companions in the rank and file of the ballet, she yet held somewhat aloof from them; a fact not particularly relished by the other young ladies. In short, she hung like Mahomet's coffin, between the covert sneers and indignation of her companions and the condescending patronage of the "ladies of the company."

Matters soon came to a crisis. Helen Stuart was far too handsome to escape admiration, and her choice proved to be a most unfortunate one. In short, she "loved not wisely but too well;" she became "talked about;" her Friend disappeared, as usual, too base and cowardly a creature to support and vindicate the woman who had trusted him, and Helen was left alone to meet the merciless jeers and scorn of those whose bitter tongues were for the most part barbed with envy.

As for me—well, let me do myself justice. I knew so little of the world in those days, and was so easily influenced by the remarks of those I admired and trusted, that Helen's fault was soon magnified in my ignorant eyes into an absolute crime, and I eagerly acquiesced in the fiat pronounced against the poor girl by my immaculate lady friends.

"The bold hussy!" one would exclaim, shivering with indignation. "Don't let her approach me in future; I have done with her forever. It is one thing to be charitable, and another to countenance immorality. "My dear," cried another, "you are perfectly correct. There are other young girls in the theatre, and what would become of them if persons of this description were to be encouraged? The girl must be put down, my love. We need not be cruel, nor unnecessarily severe, but we must not associate with her, nor encourage her as we have done; in short, she must find her level." Looking back, how well I remember the quiet rebuffs Helen received from this time forth. Even among the gentlemen there would be a half-suppressed whisper and titter, when she appeared at rehearsal, while the ballet-ladies could not conceal their satisfaction at the turn of affairs had taken. Looking in vain for a kindly face and friendly welcome, she grew day by day more proud, more reserved; but it was my hand that was destined to strike the final blow.

One day, in Prince's street, I met her walking with her mother. I was with one of the other actresses, and as we passed she raised her large dark eyes and bowed to us. To my shame I confess I only stared at her in reply, while my companion tossed her head aside, and curled her lips haughtily, as we went on. From that day Helen Stuart made no more advances, but kept on in her sad and silent way, growing paler and thinner as time slipped by. She still had admirers; but their attentions were insults, and I know she felt and treated them as such.

Christmas was approaching. A delightful season to those who had money and leisure with which to enjoy it, but to us at the "Royal" it meant hard work for many weeks—weeks of preparation for the great event of the season—the pantomime! This was an especially grand affair for me, for was I not to play a very good part? Had I not capital songs to sing, "breakdowns" to dance, and above all, to wear a certain dress—oh, such a wonderful dress! I had made it myself, and it had cost me many hours of patient toil, hours snatched between long, tedious rehearsals and the performance of an evening. It was, indeed, very pretty—a combination of satin, pearl and silver, gorgeous to behold.

That year the pantomime was produced on Christmas Eve, and at last, "after months of careful preparation," the great night arrived. Have any of my readers witnessed the first night of a pantomime in the "old country?" I can think of nothing to compare with it. The theatre is invariably packed to overflowing by an excited and enthusiastic crowd; the opening farce or comedietta is enacted in dumb show, the audience treating it either with supreme contempt or with loudly expressed impatience; but, from the moment the first note of the overture preceding the pantomime is heard, how still the house becomes! not a murmur must be lost. From that moment you may feel assured of the most intense interest, the most eager enthusiasm; an enthusiasm that finds its way across the footlights, inspiring the players with a fire and vivacity surprising even to themselves

On this particular occasion the pantomime was to be more than usually fine. There were to be Demon dances, Fairy dances, an Amazon march, a procession of birds, a startling transformation scene, a double harlequinade: in short, no end of wonders. I was just a little frightened, for mine was an important part, and much depended upon its successful rendition; but my heart was light, in spite of all, for I felt confident of doing well, and besides—*that dress!*

The young lady who shared the same dressing-room with me was a very sweet, lovable girl, and we laughed and chatted and took our time in "making up," knowing that we did not appear until the second scene. The poor dresser was almost distracted. She kept rushing frantically from one room to the other, vainly endeavoring to comply with the individual demands of a chorus of clamorous voices. "Mrs. Shanks, come and fasten my dress!"—"Mrs. Shanks, just sew this button on for me, there's a dear good soul!"—"Mrs. Shanks, if you don't give me a hand I'll never be on!" etc., etc., etc. Poor Mrs. Shanks! I hope you will forgive me for mentioning your euphonious name in this public fashion, if this should ever meet your eyes, which is most unlikely. You were (and are still I hope) a most worthy soul, and led a very hard life; although, Mrs. S., you *did* acknowledge to me once, you know, that you stuck a pin "accidentally" in the wrong place now and then when the ladies were "fractious."

But I digress, and am encroaching on space that should be more worthily occupied. To proceed, then. The curtain was shortly to fall on the first piece and the suffering martyrs engaged therein: I glanced with no slight degree of satisfaction in the mirror, for my new blonde wig from Imrie's was a great success. "Eh, but ye look bonny; nacbody wad ken it was yersel!" cried the ingenuous Mrs. Shanks. "I never saw you look so nice, dear," said my kind little friend. There was but one thing left to do—to don my wondrous robe. I looked for it. Great Heaven! where was it? It had been left at home! Everything else remembered; but not, the crowning glory of all, by some strange fatality, had been overlooked. "Shanks, dear Mrs. Shanks," I implored, "I will give you anything, yes, indeed, anything I have in the world, if you will only run home for me and bring me my dress! Please, please, darling Mrs. Shanks——"

"It's nae use speerin' at me, my lassie," cried the inflexible matron, grimly. "T'wad be as much as my life's worth to leave the back door this nicht, and ye ken it weel. Hearken to thae screamin' hizzies there!"—and away she flew.

I was desperate. Wrapping a shawl round me I slipped down stairs, dreading to meet my manageress, for I feared she would never pardon such carelessness; but in spite of all entreaties and bribes, not a man or boy would leave his post that night for the Queen of Sheba herself. Sick with disappointment and grief I was returning hopelessly to my room, when a sudden impulse led me to enter the large, dreary apartment where some twenty or thirty young ladies were encasing their more or less shapely limbs in red tights, and otherwise qualifying themselves to appear shortly as the "Demons of the Dell," or some other questionable characters of that description. "Girls!" I cried, while one and all suspended operations at the despairing tones of my voice. "Girls, what am I to do?" and bursting into tears, I told them of my misfortune.

"Why, Miss Cowell, it's too bad! Don't I wish I had time to run there for you," cried one. "Yes, indeed, and so do I," added another. "But it's simply impossible, you know," chimed in a general chorus. Suddenly one of the girls stepped forward, clad completely in her tight-fitting scarlet costume, and said quietly, "Don't fret, Miss Cowell, I'll go." It was Helen Stuart. There was no time for words. She pulled off her light satin slippers and put on her street boots; she flung on her dress, and wrapped her plaid round her head and shoulders. "You will never get back in time, Helen," said I, as I handed her my door key, half reluctantly. She looked at me steadily for a moment, then said gently, "They can only discharge me," and in a minute she was gone.

I lived at some distance from the theatre, and it was a cold and cruel night. The snow was lying deep, and crusted with glittering frost, under foot, and the keen north wind, laden with sleet, beat into the faces of those out of doors that bitter Christmas Eve. Waiting silently for Helen in my warm dressing-room, I thought of her struggling so bravely through storm and snow for the sake of one who had insulted her so cruelly, and then and there I offered up to Heaven a resolution and a prayer. The former I have kept; the second I hope will be remembered in my hour of need. As the curtain was rising on the opening scene Helen returned, breathless, half frozen, but she handed me my dress, and then darted into her own room, from which she presently descended, luckily in time to join the other ladies in the Demon Dance.

That night I had no more time for remorse, religion, or romance. My beloved dress looked charming, I sang and acted my very best, and returned home after midnight, worn out, but more than satisfied and very happy.

The first opportunity that presented itself I seized upon to have a conversation with Helen. "What can I say to you, Miss Stuart," said I, "except to thank you for your goodness, and ask you to forgive my own——narrow-mindedness?" She smiled rather sadly, and returned, "Indeed, you need not reproach yourself; you acted as nineteen out of twenty would have done under the circumstances; only—only I thought you were the one in the twenty."

From that hour I made a point of seeking Helen's society. No amount of gossip or of moralizing could turn me from her, and it would be false humility to say my friendships and championships availed her nothing. However unimportant we may consider ourselves, every unit in this great body politic has its influence, and mine, at least, did the neglected girl no harm. By degrees, looks and words became kinder, friendlier eyes and looks and words turned toward her, and her position became once more a pleasant one in the theatre. Was this change due in the past to my efforts in her behalf, or had she more powerful pleaders still in her gentle ways, her fading face and form, and in the growing conviction that she had been more "sinned against than sinning?"

I do not know.

She left the theatre shortly after, and I am inclined to think soon carried her sad and suffering heart to a safer and happier home than that she left on earth. Poor Helen! She left me a memory that ever returns vividly on Christmas Eve! She left me a desire to be kind and charitable and loving to all my professional sisters; above all, she left me a belief that should the dark hour come for me I should still find a refuge in the haven of some honest woman's heart.

Out on the false doctrine, preached so often and so recently, that to be virtuous we must scorn and spurn the vicious! Dear, sweet and spotless sisters of the stage, have no fear that your white garments will be sullied by contact with those besmirched robes trailing beside you in the mire. The truest homilies you can utter are breathed in the incense of your innocent lives. Your gentle words and loving looks will win back many a young soul wavering in the balance. Remember the Holy One, who, speaking of triad of virtues, said: "And the greatest of these is charity," and in view of the dim future, unknown, it may be terrible, pray humbly, and with bated breath—

"That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me!"

Such is the text, and such the substance, of my Christmas Sermon.

A Christmas Pudding.

BY ROBERTA NORWOOD.

I am under teacher of French and Music in Mme. Parrain's select academy, and shall sustain that position until the 25th of December, 1880. Why I love that very comfortable if not very lucrative situation it may not be uninteresting to detail. It had been a hard life for many years; a sort of upper servant's place had been mine in my Aunt Dolby's boarding-house; all sorts of miscellaneous duties were thrust upon me. I marketed; I made the more pretentious articles for dessert: I made out the weekly bills; I dunned the boarders; I repaired the linen. looked after the jellies and jams, pickles and preserves, in their season. When I did not have a pen or an egg-beater in my hand I had a duster; and with the shades of evening I was expected to don my time-worn black alpaca and play the piano for giddy creatures of 40 to bump about and against the drawing room furniture, under an impression that they were dancing.

It was a distasteful life. I was a shy, broken-down little creature, with nothing on earth to love but my crippled brother Ben; and when Aunt Dolby proposed to send him to an orphan aslylum, as he was not presentable enough to wait at table, and was altogether in the way about the kitchen, I thought my cup of woe was filled and running over. Poor little Ben! who had never been away from me a day—to have the proposal of parting with him made was more than I could bear. All the night after Aunt broached her intentions to me, I laid awake and made my plans; with the mornings dream my determination was taken. Dressed in my best, which was poor enough, I made my way to the big, formidable Brick Academy that stood on the principal street. Years ago my mother had attended that seminary. The august lady preceptress of my day had been the poor struggling under-teacher of my mother's. I had heard her say so. To that monument of dignity and learning would I tell my story and beseech assistance. For had not Mme. Parrain a brother, a lawyer, and did he not keep Bachelor's Hall a stone's-throw away; and had he not lost his office-boy and factotum by the yellow-covered novel fever, who had run away to Deadwood to be a pirate with a shotgun of his benefactor?

Madame received me well enough. She remembered the dear dead mother; she detected a resemblance in my wan face to Grandpa Stetson's blooming daughter, who twenty five years before was the belle of the town. How I plead with her—with what eloquence I described my pitiful plight and my anxiety for Ben. I told her how quick and bright he was—how pleasant and straight was his poor body within, though warped and crooked enough outside.

There was a well-known legend existing concerning Marcus Ayrault, the Madame's Bachelor brother. For years he had dwelt like a monk in his fine home, mingling but seldom with the townspeople, but sought for in all quarters where much was at stake,—life, reputation or money. We had been used to see him walk away with a satchel at early hours to neighboring cities, returning after a few days to his den, followed by outbursts of eulogy in the columns of the local paper; for victory perched eternal, so it seemed, on the efforts of Marcus Ayrault, criminal lawyer. Often in the boardinghouse of Aunt Dolby had the great counseller's affairs been duly canvassed. He was conceded on all sides to be a marvelously rich man, and his moroseness and gloom were attributed to a love loss, faintly remembered by some of the young things of forty who danced in the parlor to my music.

To establish Ben with this great man was my object in calling on Mme. Parrain.

"But Mercy, child," said that lady, "I have no more to do with his affairs than your Aunt Dolby. Marcus visits me ceremoniously once a month or so; but as for venturing a suggestion, or asking a favor, or prefering another's request to him,—it's not to be thought of."

Perhaps my tears touched her, for after a little she said he "could no more than refuse her, and she'd take the risk and send for him." "And what are *you* going to do?" she asked in conclusion. "Stay on at the boardinghouse?"

"I know no other course," I faltered.

"You said you played a moment ago."

"I did. Mother was instructing me in French and music till she became too ill to teach me," I replied.

"Let me hear you now," said Madame, as she ran and opened the piano.

I was troubled by none of the airs and graces of most young ladies. My duty had been to obey the shrill voices of our boarding-house when they commanded, "Come up stairs, Hettie, and give us one of Strauss' waltzes."

I played very well, and my heart was filled with gratitude to the kind woman promising her aid, and into Gounod's "Ave Marie" I poured my musical soul.

"Remarkable, really remarkable," was Madame's verdict.

She summoned the visiting professor and one or two resident teachers, and again and again I played. Then to my intense joy she proposed that I exchange my dreary life at the boarding house for the charmed precincts of the seminary, and become under teacher in music and French for the younger scholars. With delight I accepted the unlooked for position, and I am losing that situation, accepted with tears of delight two years ago. Do you wish to know how and why? Read, then, the story of the fatal pudding.

From the domicile of Mme. Parrain, on feet that never felt the earth, I returned to Aunt Dolly with the great news. The very odor of our boarding-house struck me with disgust—a flavor of boiled clothes and fried meats pervaded the hall—so different from the atmosphere at the Seminary, where rare foreign plants were huddled here and there and scented every portion of the house. Benny, knowing my errand, in a tremor of anxiety, hung over the bannisters on the floor above.

"Is the place to be mine?" he whispered, for a glad look on my face spoke of triumph.

"Not that I can tell, Ben dear," I replied; "but we're not to be separated. I am engaged as a teacher to board with the family, and receive $50 a year for pin money. You know what that means—the nice little back room at Granny Mullete's, where I can see you every night."

Fearless and outspoken, I had answered Ben in no low tone, and, the door banging open leading from the parlor, out bounced Aunt, consternation seated on her frontispiece like the spectacles on her nose.

"And where are you going, my fine lady?" she excitedly cried.

With proud calmness I told her of my good fortune, while Benny came scrambling down the stairs. It was an unpleasant storm while it lasted. Perhaps I made her more furious by the sarcastic smile with which I listened as she reproached me, for wanting proper self respect in going for pay out among strangers. Poor old woman, I escaped at last, and with Ben by the hand went off to Granny Mullete's and installed him on the second floor back.

Granny Mullete was an English woman, who in the bright days of my childhood had been for years a cook in our house; and now she subsisted comfortably on the salary received from Marcus Ayrault. Twice a day she sallied forth to the house of mystery in which dwelt the monastic lawyer. For him she brewed and baked and washed and scrubbed; and between the two ten words would not pass in a month. Here, then stopped Ben for a stipulated sum, next to nothing a week—supplemented by services coming under the general head of "chores," while I went on to begin a new life under the refined rule of a lady, amid the blessings and comforts of a luxurious home and congenial society.

It was a gift from God that made me always a favorite with teachers and scholars. The younger children to whom I was "Miss Hettie," clung to me, and for very love progressed remarkably under my imperfect teaching, and the grave and elder preceptress took so kindly an interest in me that my improvement was so marked that Madame often said: "Hettie will never leave us; she will be a head teacher yet." Therefore my little ambitions all ran in this groove—to become one of the dignified sisterhood constituting the faculty of the Parrain College, seemed to me to be the most desirable end in life. My solicitude for Ben had passed. Madame, the sister, didn't have to intrude her solicitations upon Lawyer Ayrault; for doing some "chore" for Granny Mullete, the pale-faced, humpbacked Benny met the robust, straight, well made man, and attracted his attention. And Mr. Ayrault spoke, an unusual proceeding for Mr. Ayrault, and learned that Benny boarded with Granny, and had one day entertained hopes of obtaining the position left vacant when Pete Shomway graduated as a pirate. Ben, who knew all the circumstances and was a frank little fellow, related with much feeling my application to Mme. Parrain, and the fact that his sister feared to ask so slight a favor of the great and mighty lawyer. For the first time it went upon the records of Stupporville that Marcus Ayrault smiled. Perhaps he had no notion before of the awe in which kinsfolk and neighbors held him. At all events he became quite sociable with brother Ben, and before he had recovered from the surprise into which this event threw me, Ben and his bundle went for good and all to the great house of the great man, and for nine times nine days the wonder grew over the intimacy seen to exist between the cripple and the lawyer.

While I have the power of recollection I shall dwell with delight on the twelve months following this change in Ben's career. Not a care intruded on my happy life. The quickness of my dear brother's intellect struck his benefactor, and Stupporville held up both hands when it was whispered that Marcus Ayrault was making a hump backed lawyer out of Ben. Ah! how that alliance let in the light on both those mis-shapen lives. The pallor that seclusion had planted on the lawyer's handsome face vanished with the out-door exercise he was led to take by Ben. The boarding house table knew of old how skilful a rod the deformed boy brought to bear on neighboring brooks. And soon it was no unusual sight to see the tall form of the noted solicitor swinging away over the country roads; a row of fish hooks in the band of his broad straw hat, a heavy basket strapped upon his hips, while beside him, merry as a cricket, bristling with poles like a horned grig of unusual size, hopped little Ben Alcott. From several of their excursions the novel pair were encountered by our procession of school girls. Word would be passed down the line that Madame's brother was approaching and somebody else's brother also. Mr. Ayrault never seemed to see us, but Ben, with gallant affection, hat in hand, surveyed the parade and passed judgment on us all, as afterward he would come out and say: "Hettie, you looked good enough to eat"; or, "Hettie, I was proud as possible to tell Mr. Ayrault the girl in the blue dress was my dear sister."

"As if he noticed one dress from another," I cried.

"Ah! but he did, though," triumphantly returned Ben, "for he said she has the same look about the eyes, and her hair is your color."

"Oh, Ben! and yours is red!"

"Is it? Well it's not so long ago that Mr. Ayrault scolded me, and said: "Will it never creep through that auburn wig of yours, Ben, that there are but two Gs in struggle?"

"And how many, for mercy's sake, did you use?"

"Three! It was an unusually hard struggle I was writing about," said Ben, in conclusion.

Dear me! It was a lovely year—a year of vast improvement to me—a year full of great achievement for my boy. He had been to grand cities with his kind master. He had grown familiar with terms that spoke immense things for his future. It was going to be a noble career that thus early had "Trover" and "Certionari" as presiding twin deities in his conversation. It was no common lot animated a boy who at fourteen talked nicely of "Nolle pros" and "Non Assumpsit's," and had a jacket pocket stuffed with documents adorned with red seals and trimmed with red tapes. And I reasonably looked forward to something great for little Ben, after all.

Twice during that year I had met, within the precincts of Madame's parlors, Madame's brother. Once, on the occasion of the examination which closed the term, I was fortunate enough to make a great impression by my piano-playing and recitations in French and German, but that was due to Madame's judgment in selecting pieces; and that I looked well was wholly owing to my dear teachers, who dressed my little insignificant anatomy in a robe of beautiful white silk fit for a princess. Ben was there, and it shows how silly men are, to think all white-dressed girls must be got up for celestial characters, since he told me Mr. Ayrault told him going home that his sister Hettie "looked like an angel."

During the vacation that ensued, I remained with Mme. Parrain, and then the Summer slipped away and the Fall term began, and on the 20th of December I was sent for to the library. Then Madame said: "Hettie, I am sure you wish to make some presents to your friends, and here is $50 to spend in that way, and you will have no duties to attend to till after New Year's." After thanking her, I fell to talking of the gifts I would like to make.

"It's no use of adding to Ben's wardrobe," I mused. "If he had the legs of a centipede, he's got trousers enough, and the arms of Briarius could be clothed in jackets from his wardrobe, so well supplied has Mr. Ayrault kept it. But Ben is fond of goodies. May I use the kitchen and make a Christmas pudding?"

Madame laughed heartily as she gave full permission, little dreaming what would come of that fatal pudding. To the initiated I need not say that a Christmas pudding is not lightly constructed. It's a matter of time for a human being to digest it. It's a matter of much time to compound it. I went into retirement on the morning of the 23d, and passed the early hours stoning raisons, picking currants, chopping citron, blanching almonds, grating nutmegs, beating eggs, sifting flour, whipping butter and weighing sugar. Visits were regularly made by the ignorant and interested, and sly proposals that it be boiled in two bags, instead of one, a hint I took readily, and prepared as good a pudding for the Academy as I did for brother Ben.

The night of the 24th was spent in part beside a glowing range, whereon bubbled a huge pot, wherein bobbed two bald heads, apparently, but actually two Christmas puddings—the one for my dear companions, the other, the fatal pudding, designed for Ben.

Having gone thus far, I may disclose that it is owing to that pudding that I lost my happy home at the Seminary, the very night perhaps on which you are reading this recital, that of Dec. 25th, 1880.

The morning of Christmas last year, we all remember, was cold but clear, and Stupporville was clothed in snow, and Madame and I went off in the sleigh to distribute flannel petticoats and warm blankets among some sick and poor friends of the dear woman's. Old Robbin, the colored driver, went into the kitchen to warm himself on his return, and I hastened to make the sauce for the pudding destined to reach Ben by 2 o'clock—his dinner hour. I carefully measured the brandy, and went to the next room to bring a dish for the pudding. In that instant Robbin forgot his honorable career and his character for honesty. I suppose the line of honesty must be drawn somewhere, and it was drawn by Robbin just this side of brandy for pudding sauce. Coming back, I beheld the glass nearly full of a liquid resembling cognac. The flavor of the decanted liquor was heavy on the atmosphere. There was no suspicious elf at hand to suggest I was making pudding sauce out of cold tea poured dexterously from the pot upon the dresser. Oh, no! I made my sauce, and with many injunctions as to its safe carriage, entrusted it to Robbin's criminal hands. I watched him slipping down the slippery path, the fatal pudding balanced by a Christmas letter I had written the night before, which was to be delivered at the same time, addressed to—"Master Alcott, at the Elms, Stupporville."

And here fate took up the thread of my life, which, without flaw or knot or break, had been rolling off the reel for twelve long months. At the post office Robbin's hasty drink had reached his dusky toes. In trying to save the pudding he plunged with outstretched letter-grasping hand into a snow bank—not an immaculate snow bank, but one grimy and muddy from frequent vehicles stopping at the post; and when at last he struggled up and out the inscription was illegible on my letter. But Robbin was equal to a trifle like that. He went into the post office, he studied the superscription a minute, and then reproduced it in a style of chirography, known only to the unlettered African when full of pudding sauce. Under his guidance the pen made "Marcus" out of "Master," and turned "Alcott" into "Ayrault." (Having executed Marcus, any Stupporville darkey would know what came next). Thus newly caparisoned the letter and the pudding pranced gaily on, and at three oclock, when I was considering what might be best to administer to Ben as an antidote for pudding, the fatal Cristmas gift rested on the table in Marcus Ayrault's office, and my letter was receiving his careful attention. And this was the letter he read:

MADAME PARRAIN'S ACADEMY,
Christmas Eve, 1879.

MY DEAR, DEAR BOY: I have thought of many Christmas gifts suitable for your age and position, and none seems more apropos than a pudding. Conceal it as you may, and disclaim, as you do, all predilictions for favorite dishes. Still, with immense penetration, I have solved your secret desire. It is for a pudding, which by yourself you may devour. If it lays not on your dear digestive faculties like a writ of certiorari—if you do not cry for a stay of proceedings, or make a motion which shall set aside a present conviction and entail a new trial, I shall be satisfied with having brought my case under your notice, retained you, and be thankful. Ah! dear, joking aside, how much to be thankful for we have. Last Christmas, a broken hearted girl, and drudging at the boarding house amid uncongenial people. This year, beloved and happy, I am in a refined and delightful home, independent, healthful and content. God is very good. For the present (and the present bids fairly to run a long way into the future) we are sure of going on after the fashion of last year. Thereafter, I build new plans, as able women build plans. There is to be a quiet little home for the years lying in the shade. There is to be the sweet companionship beside the evening fire, when you and I grow old. The mutual pleasure brought by the last new book, the enjoyments of mild scandals, when over our supper table we shall dissect and reconstruct the neighborhood. Then shall be the loving service, if either be ill, that shall make of pain a pleasure.

Oh, my darling, I thank God for you. A woman must have something to live for. To make a day perfect there must be home coming of some dear one. You and I will journey on to the end. Fate has willed that you should never know the love that is the sun of man's life. I give you all of mine. I will never think of another fortune but that of a lifelong devotion to your happiness. You spoke the other day of my marrying. [Amazement sat on Marcus Ayrault's face—expressing astonishment, for surprise had set in at the first sentence.] Don't for an instant dream of that happening. I never dreamed of man's love but in connection with you, dear Ben, to whom, with a merry Christmas, I announce my intention of always being your affectionate old maid sister,

HETTIE ALCOTT.

Marcus Ayrault sat for an hour with this letter in his listless hand. Then he went over it again and again. A mist rose before him as he dwelt on the girl's picture of home. He rose in a daze and went to his desk. In the gathering gloom he laid his hand on something warm and soft, an unusual accessory of a library table. Poor Hettie's neglected pudding. Then he called Ben.

"Here's a pudding for you and a letter from your sister. After you have eaten the one, take my answer to the other to the seminary."

And Marcus Ayrault sat down and wrote a letter which Ben brought me that very night—a letter that set every drop of blood dancing in my veins—a letter imploring me to try through the coming year to love a loveless man, to share with him the duty of caring for Ben, to hold out as the solace of his declining years the blissful picture I had drawn for a brother's eyes. A lovely letter, truly. As I read it dawned on me how near akin to love gratitude is, and how much I esteemed the monastic lawyer's favor.

Need I say that letter was speedily followed by the writer; that Madame, when informed, gasped once or twice, but finally concluded it would be the "saving of Marcus;" that an engagement for a year was decided upon; that the year has passed, and that, trustful and happy, I leave my situation as teacher with Mme. Parrain through a Christmas pudding? But I change it for the great joy of signing myself after 12 to night as—Hettie Ayrault, nee Alcott.

The Albany Museum.

BY ETTIE HENDERSON.

How few among the present generation of actors and actresses remember the Museum, although the old building still stands, the front unchanged except by the removal of the various pictures which formerly adorned the spaces between the windows, and served as indicators of the varied collections which were stored in the closed glass cases, labelled "Curiosities from all parts of the world." Even the word "Museum" remains on one part of the building, but it is doubtful if one-half who read it understand its meaning. And yet I never pass it but the fondest memories flit through my mind a season passed in the cozy little theatre attached to it. Two five years ago—a quarter of a century—(think of it!)—I was one of the members of the stock company the last season of its existence, played in the last performance, and had I supposed I should have ever written this article I would have been more particular in storing up my mind with dates, events, etc. The manager was Harry T. Meech, or "Old Harry," as the boys called him; the stage manager, C. T. Smith, both of whom have long since passed away. The former left to the profession the brothers Henry and John Meech, the present enterprising managers of the Buffalo Theatre. It was said of the old gentleman, their father, that he could never understand why an actor or actress was left out of the bill, and being a large owner of canal-boats that daily went in and out of Albany, desired that when idle they (the actors, of course,) should "just go down and unload those canal-boats there; they might as well do that as do nothing; I pay 'em all the same."

The principal members of the company for the season of 1855 were Mr. William Henderson (present manager of the Standard Theatre, New York), Mr. Ponisi (husband of Mme. Ponisi), George M. Barton, Brydon, Little Buxton, etc. Of these I only know that Messrs Henderson, Barton and Brydon are alive. The ladies were Mrs. George Skerret, Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. Sprague, Buxton, and the writer of this. During this season we supported James Anderson, McKean, Buchanan, Edmon S. Conner, John Brougham, T. B. Johnston (the original Uriah Heep). Chanfrau, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, the Denins and Miss Jean Davenport (Mrs. Lander). Miss McMahon (Mrs. George Vandenhoff) made her debut here, and Maggie Mitchell played her first star engagement in Albany that season. What a jovial time we had (Maggie and I) in the Wandering Boys, Husband at Sight, Nature and Philosophy, etc., etc. In those days Maggie essayed Juliet, Parthenia, Rose Fielding, etc.; but nature had not designed her for a tragedienne. Stock pieces were principally played. Aladuin was produced, with Charlie Smith as Kasrac, William Henderson as Abadnazar, Mrs. Skerret as Aladdin, and your servant as the Princess. Nearly all the music of the opera was sung, and the play ran nearly a month to overflowing houses—a notable event in those days.

The season ran the entire year without closing. My engagement was for a year and six weeks, never losing a night, only playing holiday afternoons—no matinees; commencing six weeks before the termination of the old season, which ended Saturday, and the new one began Monday. What a happy party we were, and how well do I remember the voice of the stage manager when he shouted at us in the dressing-room: "Ladies, will you stop laughing; they can hear you in front." But few of them can be heard "in front" to-day. The closing night of the Museum we fairly screamed with laughter as each in turn made farewell speeches, and smashed the pitchers and basins, carrying away pieces as souvenirs, and letting the water run down on the gentlemen in the dressing room beneath us, who called out: "There now! What are you about up there? The roof is not to come off till to-morrow."

And the very next day the roof did come off—the building was gutted, the walls only remaining. The old Museum was rebuilt into offices, etc., and remains so to-day.

Face to Face with Death.

BY FALCONFEATHER.

A wild ride, my lad, on a restive horse—
Never try ye the like again.
It puts me in mind of a ride I took,
In a runaway railway train.

I travelled Express on a Western line, 'Most
It's many a Summer agone—
But the horror comes back to me to day,
Just as fresh as 'twere yestermorn.

I thought that we started at mighty speed—
But I did not heed it for long.
Alone in the carriage, I sat and smoked,
And hummed the refrain of a song.

Past a station, flying with rush and roar,
Ah! why do the people shout?
I let down the glass and peer out around,
To see what it's all about.

We rushed round a sweeping bend in the line:
I could see the Engine then—
Madly the monster was doing his work,
But where were the engine MEN!

I sank, with a shudder, back in my seat—
The meaning was awfully plain.
God help the poor mortals going to death,
That day in a runaway train.

I close my eyes with a shuddering chill,
And silent with bated breath.
I feel by the horror that thro' me crept,
I am face to face with death!

There just before me it sat and grinned—
Was it come to call me away?
My dry lips tried to utter a prayer,
Yet never a word could I say.

Forward and backward the carriages sway,
With a speed that never fails—
A shiver, a crash, and a frightful shock,
Good God! we are off the rails!

Beyond a river! I can see its sheen,
Bright under the noonday sun.
A horrible wrench, then a plunging bound—
And the mad, wild race is done.

Set in my heart, and on my brain,
Will ever imprinted be—
That ride in a runaway train,
With Death for my Vis a-Vis.

A Double Debut.

BY MARION BOOTH.

Many years ago—as the legends told around the nursery table always begin—there dwelt next door to each other in the quaint, quiet city of Baltimore two little boys, who had been christened respectively John Sleeper Clarke and Edwin Forrest Booth. They were not different from most little boys of ten years of age. In the Winter they built snow-houses, coasted on the inclined streets—to the imminent danger of their youthful lives and limbs—made sliding ponds on the sidewalks in front of their houses, on which meditative pedestrians came to grief, and where the youngsters of their acquaintance congregated to share the ennobling sport; in the Summer they made mud pies, ate unripe apples, threw stones at homeless cats, and, in fact, behaved and misbehaved with the independence and impunity characteristic of a pair of American children.

Many were the battles, with balls of snow for ammunition, that took place in the back-yards of their sires. After the sanguine fights, when an ambulance in the form of a paternal hand removed the wounded from the gory field, and a settling of accounts was made, it was found that idemnities amounting to several small fortunes had to be paid to adjacent householders for broken windows and bombarded conservatories. A visit to the theatre was a rare and memorable occurrence to these young Baltimoreans. Anticipation of such an event was the signal for especially good deportment, and particularly was this the case when young Edwin's father, Junius Brutus Booth, was the actor they were to see. They would sit beside the old negro servant, to whose care they were entrusted on these notable occasions, as quiet as two little mice, absorbed in the scheming of Richard, the soliloquies of Hamlet, or the conspiracies of Cassius. These people all lived in the minds of the children, until one night, as a particular mark of favor, they were allowed to go behind the scenes. Then everything was altered. No longer did Richard, Hamlet or Brutus exist in their imagination. To young Edwin Richard became only his father dressed in that wretched king's garments; to John Sleeper, Hamlet was simply Mr. Booth, in a very blue and uncomfortable state of mind. The illusion was gone—the wondering, dim credulousness of childhood—and it never returned again. In its place came the very natural desire to play all of these creations for themselves.

They conferred with one another long and secretly. An obstacle to their ambition was found to exist in the probable opposition of Mr. Booth to their histrionic plans. Edwin remembered a certain lecture he had received from his father but a short time before in reply to a wish he expressed to become an actor: "My son," were Mr. Booth's words, "never think of the stage. No child of mine shall ever follow that profession with my consent," and this remark burned vividly in his mind, and augured grimly against the success of their undertaking. Stolen fruits are sweet, however, and so a grand conspiracy was organized, which for boldness of conception and design, would have done credit to older heads than theirs.

In Edwin's house there was a cellar which was unused. This classic spot was chosen as the scene of their prospective triumphs, and into this they would mysteriously disappear early in the morning, only emerging with begrimed little hands and disheveled heads at the hours of meals. Soap boxes and stray bits of lumber were begged, borrowed or stolen, and a muffled sound of suspicious hammering ascended almost continuously to the kitchen stove. The servants, I have neglected to say, were all let into the secret of the Milnes, and as the children were general favorites, were speedily pledged to inviolate silence, from the cook down to the house-maid. In return for this the domestics were now and everyone generously promised best seat in the house on the night of the performance. Old Uncle Joe, who was retained to have been a decendant in direct line of Ham, the brunette son of the commander of the Ark, had been pressed into the service as town-crier and bill poster to advertise the great event. Uncle Joe was a dear old darkey who was loved by everybody for his gentle ways and simple devotion to Mr. Booth and his family. The old slave religiously carried a child's spelling book about in his hat, "so dat de larnin" honey, will trickle into dis yere old skull ev mine," as he expressed it. Uncle Joe was given a number of placards to stick up on the fences of the neighborhood on the morning of the performance. These stated the attractions of the entertainment and further announced the rates of admission: "To the pit, 5 pins; to the boxes, 12 ditto." The boldness of this form of advertising would seem to indicate a supreme indifference to the wishes of Edwin's father. Nothing of the sort, however. That gentleman had departed for his farm at Bel Air the night previous, and the young histrions knew that business would detain him there for two days. So Uncle Joe started out on his mission with the gorgeously illuminated posters under his arm, and a pot of paste (mixed to the proper consistency by the cook) in his hand. Later in the day, a young gentleman of the neighborhood was sent out to see if the bill-poster had faithfully executed his work, and he returned in hot haste with the dreadful tidings that every one of the placards had been pasted—but upside down! Uncle Joe was summoned, and when indignantly questioned by one of the managers, explained that he "thought they'd look puttier dat way, chillun." The old fellow never liked to confess that he could not read, as he had great faith that the spelling book in his hat would put him in possession of that accomplishment some fine day.

Uncle Joe's argument seemed so reasonable, and his eye for beauty so well developed by this singular, topsy-turvy arrangement of the posters, that the management, after earnest consultation, concluded to forgive him forthwith. Their sympathy for the aged darkey's mistake was, perhaps, heightened by the thought that they themselves were engaged in wrong doing. But conscience is not abnormally developed usually in boys of ten, and whatever pangs of regret they had were soon forgotten in the business of preparation.

At seven o'clock in the evening a row of tallow dips was lighted, and the illumination showed the cellar changed into a theatre. I will not trespass on my reader's time by going into detail and describing the work that the juvenile managers had performed with their hammers and saws. Suffice it to say that a stage had been built, across which was drawn a curtain. Four private boxes (ingeniously constructed out of some dilapidated tables and broken-backed chairs), draped with sheets and thirty stools and chairs garnered from the neighboring dwellings, through the instrumentality of several friends of the managers,—these furnished the accommodations for whatever visitors might come in to look at the entertainment. Everything was in readiness, and at eight promptly the curtains were pulled apart and these juvenile delinquents commenced their performance before a packed and demonstrative audience of urchins. The receipts had been placed in a small box and taken around behind, and when counted it was discovered that 237 pins was the magnificent result. These were correctly divided between young Edwin and John Sleeper before they went on for the minstrel act which began the programme.

This was participated in by a half dozen friends of the managers. Edwin manipulated the "bones," and John Sleeper was the "tambourine." During this first part, the former young gentleman sang several songs, and his partner danced a hornpipe, which he had picked up, nobody knows where. This was voted a great success by the enthusiastic audience, and was noisily redemanded. The next feature of the entertainment, immediately following the minstrels, was the select melody, "Susannah, don't you cry," with banjo accompaniment, sung by Master Edwin. And here let me remark that this child had a longing for that which was truly comic, while John Sleeper was happiest reveling in the highly tragic.

A surprise awaited Edwin, however, which was most undesired and unexpected. Just as he attacked the fourth verse of the sublime "Susannah," and was displaying his mastery of the noble banjo by playing the accompaniment with one hand, there was a strange commotion at the door, the meaning of which was not quite clear until a number of scared youngsters near the entrance fell back and allowed Mr. Junius Booth to enter. He had returned unexpectedly from Bel Air.

His eyes wandered with an astonished expression over the transformed cellar, and then fell upon the figure of his hopeful on the stage.

That young gentleman's face blanched beneath the glory of the burnt cork with which it was decorated. He returned his father's wondering gaze with a stare of the most pronouncedly dubious character.

His fingers refused to move over the strings of the melodious instrument which he had been thrumming; his voice died away into silence. But only for a moment.

Mr. Booth had in the meantime quietly dropped into a seat, and the benign aspect of his countenance had a cheering effect upon Edwin, for he forthwith resumed the strains of his song, with redoubled energy and vigor. Then came the quarrel scene from Julius Cæsar, with John Sleeper as the noble Brutus, and young Edwin as the lean and hungry Cassius.

The splendid passage was respectfully listened to by the youngsters in front, who did not, however, show as much appreciation of Shakespeare's language as they did of the rollicking plantation melody which preceded it. There was one most attentive spectator, however, in the person of Mr. Booth. He sat in an attitude betokening the deepest interest in the youthful actors, and his thoughtful eyes sparkled with a strange light. When the scene was finished he gravely led the applause that followed, and then left in the same quiet manner in which he had entered. No word was spoken by him in rebuke of the performance, but it is known that later in the evening, as he sat alone by the firelight in his library up above, his pipe half smoked, went out and lay neglected in his hand, and and he gazed into the glowing embers on the wide hearth long and pensively.

Thus Edwin found him when, hesitatingly and guiltily, he went to say good night. And when his father leaned down to kiss his little son, his embrace was more than usually tender, and a tear dropped softly on the boy's fresh, upturned cheek.

CURTIS.—Our Boston correspondent says of M. B. Curtis' Sam'l of Posen: "The representation of the Hebrew is without a blemish. It is a fine piece of acting, and one of the best compliments which can be paid to the actor is to say that he *fills* the part."



Mapleson's Italian opera season closes next Friday evening, when Mozart's Don Giovanni will be represented for the first time in two years, and with a strong cast—Zerlina, Gerster; Elvira, Valleria; Anna, Mme. Swift; Ottavia, Ravelli; Giovanni, Del Puente; Leporello, Corsini. The last opera matinee took place on Saturday. Aida was announced, but La Favorita was substituted on account of Valleria's illness. There was a crowded house. On Monday night Somnambula was given, and on Wednesday, La Favorita, with Del Puente, Cary and Campanini in the cast. Thursday is to be an "extra night," and Martha will be presented. This season of Italian opera has been on the whole a successful one financially. From a musical standpoint it has not been very remarkable. All the operas presented have been old ones, with the exception of Boito's Mefistofele. Perhaps Mr. Mapleson imagines that he has done enough in giving New York this great work. The season began on Oct. 18, with Lucia, followed by La Favorita, Faust, Linda, Carmen, Rigoletto, La Somnambula, Un Ballo in Maschera, Aida, La Traviata, I Puritani, Martha, and Mefistofele.

Monday's performance of La Somnambula did not draw largely, and perhaps this was on account of its too frequent repetition at the Academy. The familiar music of the opera was, however, well received, and the principal artists, Gerster, Campanini and Del Puente, loudly applauded. "Ah non Junge," was brilliantly rendered by Mme. Gerster. While the choruses were not all they should be, the playing of the orchestra was exceptionally good.

The Harlem Mendelsohn Union gave a fine concert at Chickering Hall, December 20, under the direction of Dr. Damrosch. A young violincellist, Emil Schenck, appeared, and the society produced Handel's Acis and Galatea.

Steinway Hall has been crowded at each of the Joseffy-Thomas concerts. On Tuesday the last of the series was given before a brilliant audience, which loudly applauded the piano solos of Joseffy and the grand performances of Thomas' orchestra. Perhaps the most popular of the pieces played were the Damnation de Faust selections. The "Rakoczy March" was redemanded but Mr. Thomas did not repeat it. Joseffy gave in his usual brilliant style a symphonic poem "Joan of Arc," and a concerto, No. 2 F minor by Chopin.

AMONG THE MUSICIANS.

We are to have Alfred Cellier's setting of the Masque of Pandora at last.

Dr. Damrosch's annual performance of the Messiah takes place Dec. 28 in Steinway Hall.

The first of Carl Feininger's four concerts of Chamber music will be given in Steinway Hall Dec. 30.

The French Opera company now playing at New Orleans will open at the Academy of Music in this city April 25.

Albert Rosse, a music teacher, gave a concert at Chickering Hall on Tuesday evening, assisted by a number of his pupils.

Madame Chatterton-Bohrer, the English harpist, has just returned from a New England professional tour, to New York.

An English musician has invented a new flute for which he claims increase of musical power and brilliancy of tune.

Sophia Priestly, the pianist, announces a vocal and instrumental concert at Chickering Hall Dec. 28. Belle Cole is among the vocalists to appear.

The second concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society took place on Saturday evening at the Academy of Music. Theodore Thomas conducted and the concert was a sucess.

The fourth Saalfield concert takes place in Steinway Hall Dec. 27. Among the artists engaged are Amy Sherwin, Emily Winant, Alexander Lambert, pianist, and F de Leauhoder, zither soloist.

A sacred concert was given at the Metropolitan Hall on Sunday in connection with the Hebrew Fair. Antonia Henne, Miss Hirsch, Franz Remmertz and Theodore Thomas' orchestra provided the music.

The second public rehearsal of the Oratorio Society took place at Steinway Hall on Tuesday afternoon. Handel's Messiah was performed. The soloists were Lillian Bailey, Anna Drasdil George Simpson and George Henschel.

Owing to the sudden indisposition of Valleria on Saturday, the opera Aida was replaced by La Favorita, with Miss Cary, Del Puente and Campanini in the cast. Hundreds who thronged the Academy of Music to see Verdi's spectacle, were disappointed.

Following is the cast of the Masque of Pandora to be produced in Boston Jan. 10: Pandora, Blanche Roosevelt; Hermes, Charlotte Hutchings; Epimethus, Hugh Talbot; Prometheus, Mr. Greensfelder; Hephaestus; Mr. Daboll; Aglia, Miss Mucelli.

Max Maretzek, who was engaged last summer by the Cincinnati College of Music to inaugurate an opera department in the College, has been successful. On Saturday the pupils under his direction presented in excellent style Rossini's Cinderella.

An elaborate musical programme will be performed on Christmas Day at St. Stephen's church in East Twenty-eighth street. An orchestra of selected musicians will assist the church organist in the production, among other works, of Ambroise Thomas' Messe Solenelle.

Joseffy performed a number of his favorite pieces at the Teachers' Association Christmas concert at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening. Mlle. De Lussan, Miss Dickerson, Mr. Brandeis and Mr. Forman were the vocalists. Mme. Sacconi played several harp solos acceptably.

The World's Metropolis.

LONDON, Dec. 9, 1880.

Mr. Edwin Booth's performance of Richelieu proves so popular, that it is announced to be given until further advice. This is in spite of the managerial notice that, owing to Mr. Booth's wide repertory and limited available time, twelve representations only could be given of each character. It was then very generally believed that the provision was counselled more by prudence than necessity, and the result favors that opinion. It is, however, very satisfactory that the public are so unanimous in their admiration of Mr. Booth's impersonation.

By-the-bye, with great generosity, Mr. Booth contributed fifty pounds to the fund that was raised for the support and education of the young daughter of unfortunate Mr. Charles Harcourt, to which praiseworthy object Mr. Walter Gooch himself donated the magnificent sum of one hundred pounds. A miscellaneous performance, in which nearly every actor and actress in London in some way or other contributed, was given with advanced prices at the Drury Lane Theatre on Monday. A very handsome sum must have been realized, though the exact figures are not to hand. The fund itself amounts to about a thousand pounds, and is almost entirely the subscription of professional men and women. In whatever virtues actors and actresses may be lacking, they are never lacking in charity. And probably no class of men—nor any given profession—has so many and such various claims upon their good feeling and upon their pockets.

Now is the Winter of our discontent signalized as usual by the arrival of circus and horse riding and animal-training shows. That is to say, now is the period that "Grand Cirques" and "Monstre Hippodromes," and such like grandly-named caravans, find a comparatively permanent resting-place in London. Hengler's well-known establishment has reopened for the season, with the performing bull Toro by way of principal attraction. Sanger's show, in the building once known as Astley's, is getting into working order, with an equestrian entertainment that will shortly be subordinated to the annual grand pantomime in which horses and elephants and mules, and low comedians and female legs, will combine to produce, as usual, financial satisfaction in the minds of the proprietors. Nor are these the only hippic pleasures at present available. A large circus has been constructed in the centre of the Royal Aquarium, where a very good programme, including the feats of a couple of trained elephants, is gone through twice every day. The groves of the Royal Aquarium remain, as usual, the favorite hunting-ground of Phyrne—and albeit certain difficulties now exist as to admission. Phyrne is both regular and numerous in her attendance. In the annex of the Aquarium, Dr. Carver is at present exhibiting his marvelous skill as a shootist.

Reference was made some time ago to the production of a burlesque by Messrs. Prendergast Brothers, entitled Don Juan, Jr. It was admitted that considerable attraction was to be found in this piece—not so much, however, on account of the literary beauty or the gems of wit to be discovered, as much as with reference to the luxuriance with which lovely woman, gaily but sparsely costumed, was to be observed "all over the place." An indignant advertisement from the authors, however, whom virtuous wrath impel to throw off the cloak of anonymity and to pose revealed as Messrs. Reece and Righton, now publishes the fact that some people find considerable charm even in the text of the play. It appears that numbers of unscrupulous folks are in the habit of coming to London, visiting and obtaining free admission to the Royalty on the strength of connection with country theatres, and then deliberately taking out note-books and putting down in short-hand, and by other despicable means, verbatim versions of Don Juan, Jr. Wherefore, let it be publicly known (advertise Messrs. Reece and Righton) that words, music, scenic effects, business, yea, almost the feminine charmers themselves, are thoroughly, effectually, and uncompromisingly copyrighted, and that consequently the blood of traversers thereof will be upon their own heads! But for what earthly purpose those provincial miscreants make the said transcript goodness knows—indeed, even that is problematical.

Mr. Charles Warner has been sustaining a further round of legitimate and first comedy parts, appearing in Romeo and Juliet, Lady of Lyons, Road to Ruin, and at present in the Child of the Wilderness. In all these parts he has been, of course, well received, and has equally, of course, proved at least satisfactory in each of them. As Harry Dornton in the Road to Ruin, a part in which he made one of his earliest successes, he has been more especially commendable, his more mature style adding to the good points that were observable in his earlier performance. Miss Isabel Bateman has supported him in all these plays, and as Sophia, in the Road to Ruin, particularly distinguishing herself. She now plays Parthenia to Mr. Warner's Ingomar.

W. C. T.

The New Year Mirror.

We find that sixteen pages furnish an entirely inadequate space to hold all the matter that has been prepared for the Christmas issue. We have concluded, therefore, to publish another special number next week, which will be no less attractive than this one. A story by Fanny Davenport, a sketch by Edwin F. Thorne, a jolly reminiscence by Stephen Massett ("Jeems Pipes"), together with stories anecdotes, poems and articles by Frederick de Belleville, Elliot Barnes, THE USHER, the Musical Editor and many others, will appear. In addition to these, the usual departments will be found more than ordinarily interesting.

PERSONAL.

FROHMAN.—Dan Frohman is enthusiastic about the popularity of THE MIRROR.

CORINNE.—The youngest prima-donna on the stage will be seven years old on Christmas Day.

CURREN.—P. Curren is looking after the business affairs of Bartley Campbell, vice John M. Burke.

RUDERSDORFF.—Mme. Rudersdorff was the constant companion of Bernhardt during her stay in Boston.

MARKHAM.—Pauline Markham will play Barbara Hare in East Lynne at Orange, N. J., Christmas night.

HAVERLY.—J. H. Haverly says he is more than satisfied with his business this season. All his theatres are paying.

STETSON.—Manager Stetson, who has just returned to the Hub, is all smiles over Salvini's success in New York.

TOOKER.—Commodore Tooker takes charge of the front of the house at Booth's during the run of the Uncle Tom spectacle.

STANDARD.—Stephen Fiske, Townsend Percy, and the venerable Joe Howard graced boxes at the Standard Tuesday night.

CROUSE.—Charley Crouse, of the Troubadours, dropped in to see us yesterday and to say that the week in Pittsburg is panning out well.

SPIES.—Mr. J. J. Spies is the recipient of a handsome meerscham pipe, a present from Mr. R. J. Dillon, a member of Robson and Crane's company

SUGGESTION.—Just now, while the political cauldron is boiling over in Ireland, why doesn't somebody reap the benefit of John Brougham's last play, Home Rule?

CONRON.—A reporter of THE MIRROR, in an interview with an uptown manager, learned that Miss Conron is the young lady engaged to play the part of Olivette at the Park.

HENDERSON.—Manager Henderson deserves much credit for the admirable manner in which he has put My Geraldine on the stage—with but ten days' notice, too.

MONTGOMERY.—Through a typographical error in the list of contributors to the Christmas MIRROR, which was printed last week, Geo. Edgar Montgommery's name appeared among the rest. This was an accidental injustice to Mr. H. W. Montgomery, whose clever article will be found in another column.

LEIGH.—We are authorized to state that the Miss Dora Leigh of Steele Mackaye's travelling Hazel Kirke company, who has made a hit at Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans as Dolly Dutton, was the pupil of Mr. Geo. Vandenhoff and owes all her dramatic instruction to him. Her ease and vivacity on her first appearance, a trial debut at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, was such as to surprise actors and audience, who scarcely beleived that it was really her first appearance on any stage.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Will you hear this letter with attention?
As we would hear an oracle.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

MISS LEWIS RELEASED BY MR. GARDINER.

EDITOR NEW YORK MIRROR.

MY DEAR SIR:—Please state that I have made arrangements with Catherine Lewis whereby she is released from her two years engagement with me, for a consideration, and her husband is now her authorized agent.

Yours always,
C. R. GARDINER.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20, 1880.

MR. NOBLES' SAN FRANCISCO RECEIPTS.

EDITOR NEW YORK MIRROR:

DEAR SIR:—I feel called upon, in justice to myself, to notice an item, evidently caused by a misapprehension, in the pleasant letter of your San Francisco correspondent, which appears in the current number of THE MIRROR. He gives Manager Locke as authority for the statement that my "share of the receipts" in my San Francisco engagement would be about $5 000. So, as a matter of fact, I will state that the NET PROFIT considerably exceeded the sum named, and when we add to this my expenses, such as salaries, transportation, printing, etc., people who are posted will see at a glance that my "share of the receipts" largely exceeded double the amount named by your correspondent.

Very truly yours,
MILTON NOBLES.

Actor and Actress.

A LITTLE BY-PLAY.

ACT I.—BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

The house had thundered with applause,
To greet Othello's mimic rage,
Which summoned plaudits without pause,
That softer scenes could scarce assuage.
"'Tis splendid!" weeping women cried,
So happy with their hearts in pain;
And from men's lips on every side
Came "Bravo!" o'er and o'er again.

ACT II.—AT THE WINGS.

"I am so proud of you to night,"
The actor's sweetheart said to him.
With glowing cheeks and eyes alight,
Behind the scenes, when lights were dim.
"Avaunt!" he cried, "your love's a lie!
You flirted in a shameful way
In yonder box beneath my eye
With Jack McBride all through the play."

ACT III.—AN ECHO FROM THE BOX.

"Oh, what a goose you are!" then laughed
The actor's sweetheart loud in glee:
"You surely must be somewhat daft
If through the ruse you cannot see.
I made you jealous just to work
You up to dread Othello's pitch.
A woman's up to many a quirk:
My chic will place you in fame's niche."

CURTAIN.

EARL MARBLE.

The Squatter's Last Christmas.

BY TOWNSEND PERCY.

I.

The quiet old gentleman, with his rugged kindly face, neat but clumsy black clothes, and old-fashioned stock and collar, had not been very garrulous during the voyage and so it was with some surprise that we heard him volunteer the story which it had been suggested was all that was needed to complete our Christmas merry-making.

In fact, some of us were very doubtful whether, under the circumstances, it would not have been better to have dispensed with the story altogether, the old gentleman's appearance not promising much that was either exciting or amusing. His hands, which were large and bony and muscular, held an old-fashioned pipe and the blue eyes, faded a bit with years' were still sharp, and there was a look of quiet determination about the man which challenged one's respect at once. During the voyage from San Francisco he had been a quiet observer of our pastimes; rarely spoke to anyone save the children, with whom he romped on deck by the hour; but some of us had noticed that he both avoided "The Growler" and yet watched him with an expression which we were unable to define clearly. "The Growler" had received that name before we had steamed ten knots beyond the Golden Gate on our way to Panama. Passengers on a mail steamer are apt to apply nicknames to one another behind their backs, and as this man growled at his bunk, at the food, at the weather, at our speed, at everything and to everybody, he was at once dubbed the Growler, by mutual consent. Even the Captain, who was not given to noticing the passengers over much, remarked to the purser that he "was worse than any old shell back in the for'cas'le, and wouldn't be happy if he had plums in his duff eight days in the week."

He was a short thick-set, man, dark complexioned and about fifty years old. His face bore marks of the wear and tear of dissipation, of ungoverned passions and a discontented spirit.

The rest of the cabin passengers were of the class usually encountered on a return voyage from California; good average specimens of Americans, disposed to make the best of everything and entertain each other. We had tried all day to make ourselves believe it was really Christmas. Everybody had wished everybody else "a Merry Christmas" several times over. We had made up a purse to distribute among the ship's crew and the stewards, and then, as there was nothing out of the usual course to do until dinner, everybody fell to thinking about his home.

A blue sky, a warm sun, a gentle breeze from the right quarter, but not a sail in sight, nor a cloud on the horizon, not even a glimpse of the Mexican coast which we knew was off there on our port side. Christmas to most of us meant snow and ice, crisp cold weather, crackling fires, warm drinks, bountiful tables, evergreen decorations, good cheer, presents, hearty greetings, the thousand and one little things everyone of which was wanting under a tropical sky in the waste of sparkling blue water stretching away in gentle undulation on every side.

The cook, who had received a respectable moiety of the contents of the purse referred to, had given us as good an imitation of a Christmas dinner as one could expect on shipboard; rather too good, on the whole, for turkey and plum pudding are not so toothsome on a warm night as less festive edibles. But we had made heroic attacks upon them from a sense of duty, and St. Nicholas, the President, the Queen—out of deference to our English passengers—and the officers had each been toasted in turn, and now a group of us were seated in a quiet corner on the hurricane deck, watching the sunset lights fade in the sky and the stars begin to peep out and rival the luminousness of the tips of our cigars. Then some one suggested that the only thing which we lacked was a Christmas story, and the old gentleman volunteered, regardless of the presence of "The Growler," who sat nearly opposite him, looking as discontented as usual, although he occupied the most comfortable seat in the corner.

II.

"My story," began the old gentleman, without waiting for our consent, "maybe will answer for a Christmas story, because several of the most important parts of it are about things which happened on that day. I don't know whether it has a moral or not, or whether all of you," glancing sharply at "The Growler," "will care much about hearin' it. A great many years ago—that is, about forty years ago—a squatter took up a tract of land on the banks of a small river in the backwoods of Pennsylvania. The place was then a forest waste, and there were only one or two railroads in the whole country, and these hadn't been built long. The squatter's name was not Edward Jordan, but I will call him so. Where he came from no one knew, and as his nearest neighbor lived thirty miles away, no one cared to know. The only road in the country at that time was a bridle path leading toward this neighbor's house, and on past it to the nearest settlement, some twenty miles further. Jordan was a young man, who brought with him a young wife, and set to work to build him a house, and clear a little patch of ground, on which he could raise a few vegetables. He knew how to handle a rifle and an axe, and that was all he did know. His father had been a squatter before him. He couldn't read nor write; he hardly knew there was a God; if he did it was only from having heard his name from swearing men in the settlement. His wife knew as little as himself. They had 'swarmed,' as we called it then, when they married, and left homes no better than the one he was about to make for himself, and they were contented with their lives. Here Jordan lived for twelve years, hardly ever setting eyes on human being. The wife bore her husband two daughters in the first two years of their life in the backwoods, and then died in childbirth a few years later. Jordan mourned for her as sincerely as if he had been a man of more education. She was more to him out there in the woods than most men's wives are. He dug with his own hands the grave in which his own hands laid the mother and her baby. After that his two little motherless girls ran half wild in the woods. They had scarcely clothes with which to cover their nakedness. Once a year Jordan rode away forty miles to the settlement, with a bundle of skins, and came back with the few necessaries for which he had swapped off his pelts. He worked in his little garden patch, and hunted and fished, while Nature brought up his children for him. It may seem singular to you, gentlemen, but those girls were both beautiful in face and perfect in form. The wild life they led encouraged their physical development, and they were rosy with perfect health and spirits, and grew straight and tall and supple and shapely."

The old man stopped a moment here and seemed to be viewing the past mirrored in the moonbeams, which were now silvering the waves and the long wake of the ship. The Growler had turned his head away and was nervously biting the tip of his cigar.

"Yes, gentlemen," continued the story-teller, "two finer specimens of women never lived than those two motherless girls, who knew no more about right and wrong than the squirrels they had for playmates. When the girls were about twelve years old, the first thing which had ever happened to disturb the quiet of the squatter's cabin came to them on Christmas Eve. Shouts roused Jordan from his nap by the side of a roaring fire. The girls slept on a heap of fir boughs in a corner, with their arms around each other, wrapped in warm, coarse blankets. They didn't know it was Christmas. He opened the door to find a young man about twenty years old, mounted on a good horse, and well dressed. He was exhausted with cold and hunger, and Jordan received him with rough but kindly hospitality. The traveler, after being warmed and fed, told his name, which we will call Walter Elliott. He was a civil engineer, sent out by a company who were going to build a railroad through that part of the country. He stopped nearly a week with Jordan, and picked out a place to throw a bridge across the river. Well, he fell in love with the oldest of the two girls. He was a young man and he was tender hearted, but he was true as steel. He told Jordan that he was the only son of his mother, who was a rich widow in Philadelphia. He saw the child growing up wild and yet lovely, and wanted to save her. He offered to take her to his mother, and promised that she would adopt and educate her. Jordan looked him in the face and believed him. It was pretty hard to let her go—hard for him and for her sister—but at last he said 'Yes,' and when Elliott rode away the squatter's little daughter went with him.

III.

"Walter Elliott, gentlemen, kept his word, and his mother was as good as the promises the boy had made for her. She sent the child to the best schools in the country, and gave her a mother's love and a mother's care. And when she had finished her school days Walter Elliott married her. The ignorant squatter's daughter became the accomplished wife of a rich man. They had only one child. He loved the child and its mother honestly, and cared for them tenderly, but the wife, who was now known as Grace Elliott, began to fade away. She was a backwoods child, and although she had never seen nor heard from her father, and had almost forgotten him, yet she could not stand her new life. She wasn't pining exactly, but somehow when once you've lived in the open air, houses kind of choke you."

Several men in the party who had been in mining camps assented to this, while the old gentleman relighted his pipe, and then he went on without noticing the set, scared look in the face of the Growler.

"Well, Walter Elliott took his wife to Europe for her health, but she only grew worse, and finally one day in Paris she lay slowly but surely going out like a lamp. She got to thinking of the backwoods then, and her sister (Mary her name was, did I tell you?) and of the old cabin on the river, and the father that was a sulky old hunter, and she began to hanker after them. So she wrote her sister a letter and asked her to come and see her. She thought she was still an ignorant backwoods girl; but she wanted her to come and see her once more. The last time. But the dozen or so years she had been away had made changes there where the squatter's hut had stood. The engineers were followed by the railroad contractors. They took some of Jordan's land and paid for it. It was the first he ever had in his life. Then the workmen came, and he began to see human life around him. By and bye he commenced furnishing meals to the workmen and began to accumulate some money. All this time, gentlemen, Mary Jordan, the only child he had left, was growing up into a handsome woman. She was lonesome always after the older girl went away. She wandered around the woods alone. She was as innocent and as ignorant as the does that came down to the river to drink before the railroad days.

"Among the men who came with the railroad was a contractor named—well, we'll call him Lawton. Gentlemen, he was a villain. He was the kind of a man who would whistle a bird off her nest and destroy her young ones out of pure cussedness."

No one spoke, and after a minute the speaker went on. "We'll come back to him after awhile. As Jordan began to engage in trading and to get hold of some money, he had to get some one to keep his accounts straight, so Mary was sent away one Winter to a district school. She learned to read and write and cipher; then she came back to the Squatter Jordan and taught him what little she knew. Gentlemen, it's a wonderful thing for a backwoods man when he first gets a look into the new country that reading and writing opens up. Mary grew into a student and by and bye when the letter came from the sister, she was able to write and tell her that she was going to her. Coming from the backwoods to Paris she wrote, and her father sent his second and last girl after the first. It was on a Christmas night that Mary landed in Paris, gentlemen. She was just in time to kiss the sister that she had not seen for so many years, to have her put her child in her arms, and to promise to be a mother to it, and then one of the backwood's girls was dead. Mary stayed there with her sister's husband and his mother two years. Grace's child forgot it ever had any other mother, and it isn't very strange that Walter Elliott got to love the sister of his wife, and that she loved him. He asked her to marry him. She refused. He pleaded with her. She acknowledged that she loved him, but she would not marry him. Their hearts were breaking and yet there was no hope for them. Walter Elliott left his mother and child and Mary in Paris and came to America. He went back to the old place on the river bank and told his troubles to Jordan. It would make my story too long to tell you how, but the father and Elliott made a horrible discovery. Before Mary had ever been to school, before the half-wild squatter's girl knew right from wrong, when she was as simple-minded as a child, and yet was a woman grown, she had fallen a prey to the contractor named Lawton. He came, gentlemen, like another Devil into the backwoods and found another Eve to tempt. He did not spare her. When her eyes were opened to a knowledge of the wrong that had been done her, the villain had gone away. Her life was ruined before she knew what life meant. Walter Elliott went away with his secret and his love. The love triumphed. When he reached Paris he told Mary that he knew of her sinless fall; he still wanted her for his wife and his child's mother. I have told you before that he was true as steel."

IV.

As the old gentleman's story unfolded itself, the Growler appeared like a man fascinated by some horrible vision; but everyone was too intent upon the story to notice him.

"I am pretty nearly to the end of my story now, gentlemen. Mary again refused to marry him. She was harder on herself than any one else could have been. She wanted to expiate by a lifetime of suffering another's sin. Walter Elliott then told her story to his mother. Naturally enough she objected at first to her son marrying Mary, although she too loved her. Her mother's heart was too tender though, and when she saw that her son was broken-hearted, she added her entreaties to his. Mary wavered; she was almost persuaded; she was sorely tempted. At that moment her father entered the room, and placed in her arms her sister's child, to which she had promised to be a mother. That was on Christmas Eve." As the old gentleman spoke these last words there was a choking sound from the direction of the Growler, and he walked away into the shadows toward the bow of the ship.

"A year after that there was a Christmas merrymaking in the home of Walter Elliott. At his table were his new wife, his child, his mother and Jordan. The squatter's daughter was happy, and Jordan, the squatter, had founded an honorable family. But there was one duty left for the father to perform, and on that Christmas night Jordan quietly left his daughter's house and was never heard from again."

As the old gentleman finished speaking he rose, and laying down his pipe, walked rapidly forward into the shadows in the direction taken by the Growler. No one spoke. The moonlight glittered on the water; the propeller kept up its steady pulsing like a human heart; the deck was deserted.

Suddenly two figures emerged from the shadow into the moonlight on the bow of the ship. They were locked in a death struggle. Before any one could interfere they had reached the starboard rail. The story-teller lifted the Growler bodily into the air. Then, without a sound, both men swung across the rail and plunged into the ocean. They were never seen again, and by mutual consent we who had heard it did not repeat the story to which we had listened; but we knew that Edward Jordan, the squatter, and Lawton, the seducer, and the secret of Walter Elliott's wife were buried under the waters of the Pacific.

SEASONABLE.—The Editor of THE MIRROR desires to return the many pleasant wishes expressed by the staff of correspondents for a truly Merrie Christmas.

An Anecdote of Parepa-Rosa.

BY MARY FISKE.

There is no place on earth where man's utter helplessness comes out so strongly—where there the ceremonies in human use fall so powerless before the majesty of the occasion—as at a funeral. It need not be that one's heart shall be interested. The obsequies of a stranger, conducted with all the pomp and vanity of church and state, with the melancholy rolling drum of the military funeral, or the gorgeousness of the Masonic regalia apron—all are alike inadequate and unavailing. But once in my life have I witnessed a ceremony that was as grand and impressive as the silent, awful occasion of it.

Dear Louisa Eldridge will one day furnish the world with a quarto volume entitled "What I Know About Funerals." (And it won't exhaust her information.) But I will tell the Christmas readers of THE MIRROR of the Christmas funeral which lingers in my memory as the grandest, most solemn and befitting ceremony that ever was given to the dead. It was many years ago that a poor, widowed woman, leading a hard life of unending labor, was called to part with the one thing dear to her—her only child. Mother and daughter had toiled together for fifteen years, and the only bit of sunshine falling into their dark lives was that shed by their loving companionship. But the girl had been always weakly. Under the heart-broken mother's eyes she faded and wasted away with consumption, and at last the day came when the wan face failed to answer with a ghastly smile the anxious, tear-blinded eyes of the mother. The poor young creature was dead. For many months the pair had been supported by the elder woman's sewing, and it was in the character of employer I had become acquainted with Mrs. C. and her story. By an occasional visit to the awful heights of an East-side tenement where they lived—by a few books and with some comforting words, I had won the love of the dying girl. Her grateful thoughts turned in her last hours to the small number of friends she possessed, and she besought her mother to notify me of the day of her funeral and ask me to attend. That summons reached me upon one of the wildest days preceding Christmas. A sleet that was not rain, and a rain that was not snow, came pelting from all points of the compass. A wind that wailed in the chimney and howled in the street told how truly dreadful for outside purposes was the weather of the day. I piled the glowing grates; I drew closer the curtains and shut out the gloom of the December afternoon; I turned on the gas and sat down devoutly thankful that I had cut all connection with the wicked weather—when an instalment of it burst in on me in the shape of Parepa-Rosa. She was Euphrosyne Parepa at that time, and the operatic idol of the city. Muffed with tippets—flecked with snow—glowing with the short encounter she had had with the elements—rushing up the steps from her carriage, she threw herself into an easy chair and proclaimed the horrors of the outer world to be beyond description.

And even as we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of a delightful day together, there came the summons for me to go to the humble funeral of the poor sewing-woman's daughter. I turned the little tear-blotted note over and groaned. "This is terrible," said I; "it's just the one errand that could take me out to-day; but I *must* go." And then I told Parepa the circumstances and speculated on the length of time I should be gone, and suggested means of amusement in my absence.

"But I shall go with you," said the great good-hearted creature.

"Your throat, and old Bateman, and your concert to-night!" I pleaded.

"If I get another 'froggy' note in my voice; it won't matter much; I'm hoarse as a raven now," she returned.

So she rewound her throat with the long white comforter, pulled on her worsted gloves, and off in the storm we went together. We climbed flight after flight of narrow, dark stairs to the top floor where the widow dwelt, in a miserable little room not more than a dozen feet square. The canvas-back hearse peculiar to the twenty-five-dollar funeral stood in the street below, and the awful cherry-stained box with its ruffle of glazed white muslin stood on uncovered trestles in the centre of the room above.

There was the mother, speechless in her grief, beside that box—a group of hard-working, kindly-hearted neighbors sitting about. It was useless to say the poor woman was prepared for the inevitable end—it was cold comfort to speak to her of the daughter's release from pain and suffering. The bereft creature in her utter loneliness was thinking of herself and the awful future—of the approaching moment when that box and its precious burden would be taken away and leave her wholly alone. So therefore, with a sympathizing grasp of the poor, worn, bony hand, we sat silently down to "attend the funeral."

The undertaker's man, with a screw-driver in his hand, jumped about in the passage to keep warm. The creaky boots of the minister belonging to the twenty-five dollar funeral were heard on the stairs. There was a catarrhal conversation held outside between them, as to the enormity of the weather, and (probably) the bad taste of the deceased in selecting such a time to die was discussed. Then the minister came in with a pious sniff, and stood revealed a regular Stiggins as to get up—a dry, self sufficient man, lesser than the day, and colder than the storm. He deposited his hat and black gloves and wet umbrella on the poor little bed in the corner; he slapped his hands vigorously together; he took himself in well-merited fashion by the ears and pulled them into glowing sensation, and after thawing out for a moment, plunged into business. He rattled merrily through some selected sentences from the Bible. He gave us a prayer that sounded like peas in a dried bladder, and he came to "Amen" with a jerk that brought me up like a patent snaffle. He pulled on his old gloves and grabbed his rusty hat, and with his umbrella dribbling inky tears over the well-scrubbed floor, he offered a set form of condolence to the broken-hearted mother. He told her of her sin in rebelling against the decrees of Providence. He assured her that nothing could bring the dead back. He inveighed against the folly of the world in general and this poor woman in particular; and then he made a horrid blunder, and showed he didn't know even the sex of the dead, by saying: "*He* cannot come to you, but you must go to *him*."

This was a settler for Parepa and myself. We looked at the departing minister in blank astonishment.

The door swung wide; we saw the screw-driver waving in the air as the undertaker's man held converse with the clergyman. A hush fell on everybody gathered in the little room. Not one word had been uttered of consolation, of solemn import, or befitting the occasion. It was the emptiest, hollowest, most unsatisfactory moment I ever remember. Then Parepa rose, her cloak falling about her noble figure like mourning drapery. She stood beside that miserable cherrywood box. She looked a moment on the pinched, wasted, ashy face upturned toward her from within it. She laid her soft white hand on the discolored forehead of the dead girl, and she lifted up that matchless voice in the beautiful melody:

"Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, O take her to thy care."

The screw-driver paused in describing an airy circle; the wet umbrella stood pointing down the stairs; the two men with astonished faces were foremost in a crowd that instantly filled the passages. The noble voice swelled toward Heaven, and if ever the choirs of Paradise paused to listen to Earth's music, it was when Parepa sang so gloriously beside that poor dead girl. No words can describe its effect on those gathered there. The sad mourner sank on her knees, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes the little band stood reverently about her.

No Queen ever went to her grave accompanied by a grander ceremony. To this day, Parepa's glorious tribute of song rings with solemn melody in my memory, as the only real, impressive funeral service I ever heard.

"Don't You Forget It."

["Miss Ward believes she owns all rights to Forget Me Not; Mr. Wallack thinks otherwise.—NEW YORK STAR.]

O Genevieve, sweet Genevieve
That sailst across the sea.
Thou dost not know the bitter woe
That's waiting here for thee.

King Lester sat in his royal chair
A-patting his Arthur's head;
Then Chamberlain Moss with a frenzied glare
Came storming in, with a curse and a swear,
And said, "Oh, d—— it all, look't here!"
And he pointed with rage and dread
To a cablegram that told the tale
How Genevieve that day set sail
With a drama in her pocket.
"Good Gawd!" the King exclaimed in heat,
While Arthur at once jumped out of his seat
Like a very incontinent rocket.

"To be forewarned is to be forearmed.
Why need our house be thus alarmed?
Let Genevieve sail to-day.
Call out our men with paint and brush;
A little speed, if need be, rush,
And we shall mount her play."
"O Guv'nor," Arthur gasped, unmanned,
With tears of joy, "Yer 'and, yer 'and;"
While Moss bowed low and said, "Most strong
Indeed thy sense of right and wrong."

"O Genevieve, sweet Genevieve,
That sail'st across the sea;
Thou soon shalt know the bitter woe
That's waiting here for thee."

"The Wallack code," King Lester spoke,
"Is free from ordinary yoke.
The Wallack forms the world defy
I do; 'tis done; who dares ask why?"
* * * *
"Forget Me Not," the breezes said
That played above brave Lester's head.
"Forget Me Not"—in black and white
The play-bills echoed through the night.
And there where Lester's rule ran high,
The people came and asked not why.
They grasped the Wallack fancies all,
The Osmond blurt, the Coghian crawl
(Each, in its individual way
The outgrowth of a Wallack sway).
And Lester patted Arthur's head,
And Arthur patted Moss's back,
And three rejoicing sinners said,
"This is the true Wallackian tack."

L'ENVOI.

However wrong by common right,
However wrong in average sight,
Let Lester give his sanction strong;
The thing is right, however wrong.

O Genevieve, sweet Genevieve,
That sail'st across the sea,
Dost thou not know the bitter woe
That's waiting here for thee?

—SYDNEY ROSENFELD.

SUIT.—A suit against Ed Rice for the detention of the costumes of Charity Begins at Home, Ages Ago, and the Spectre Knight, has been instituted by one who claims to be the rightful owner.

A Double Debut.

BY MARION BOOTH.

Many years ago—as the legends told around the nursery table always begin—there dwelt next door to each other in the quaint, quiet city of Baltimore two little boys, who had been christened respectively John Sleeper Clarke and Edwin Forrest Booth. They were not different from most little boys of ten years of age. In the Winter they built snow-houses, coasted on the inclined streets—to the imminent danger of their youthful lives and limbs—made sliding ponds on the sidewalks in front of their houses, on which meditative pedestrians came to grief, and where the youngsters of their acquaintance congregated to share the ennobling sport; in the Summer they made mud pies, ate unripe apples, threw stones at homeless cats, and, in fact, behaved and misbehaved with the independence and impunity characteristic of a pair of American children.

Many were the battles, with balls of snow for ammunition, that took place in the back-yards of their sires. After the sanguine fights, when an ambulance in the form of a paternal hand removed the wounded from the gory field, and a settling of accounts was made, it was found that idemnities amounting to several small fortunes had to be paid to adjacent householders for broken windows and bombarded conservatories. A visit to the theatre was a rare and memorable occurrence to these young Baltimoreans. Anticipation of such an event was the signal for especially good deportment, and particularly was this the case when young Edwin's father, Junius Brutus Booth, was the actor they were to see. They would sit beside the old negro servant, to whose care they were entrusted on these notable occasions, as quiet as two little mice, absorbed in the scheming of Richard, the soliloquies of Hamlet, or the conspiracies of Cassius. These people all lived in the minds of the children, until one night, as a particular mark of favor, they were allowed to go behind the scenes. Then everything was altered. No longer did Richard, Hamlet or Brutus exist in their imagination. To young Edwin Richard became only his father dressed in that wretched king's garments; to John Sleeper, Hamlet was simply Mr. Booth, in a very blue and uncomfortable state of mind. The illusion was gone—the wondering, dim credulousness of childhood—and it never returned again. In its place came the very natural desire to play all of these creations for themselves.

They conferred with one another long and secretly. An obstacle to their ambition was found to exist in the probable opposition of Mr. Booth to their histrionic plans. Edwin remembered a certain lecture he had received from his father but a short time before in reply to a wish he expressed to become an actor: "My son," were Mr. Booth's words, "never think of the stage. No child of mine shall ever follow that profession with my consent," and this remark burned vividly in his mind, and augured grimly against the success of their undertaking. Stolen fruits are sweet, however, and so a grand conspiracy was organized, which for boldness of conception and design, would have done credit to older heads than theirs.

In Edwin's house there was a cellar which was unused. This classic spot was chosen as the scene of their prospective triumphs, and into this they would mysteriously disappear early in the morning, only emerging with w begrimed little hands and disheveled heads at le the hours of meals. Soap boxes and stray bits upof lumber were begged, borrowed or stolen, limand a muffled sound of suspicious hammering shouscended almost continuously to the kitchen save ove. The servants, I have neglected to Mar am, were all let into the secret of the Milnes ect, and as the children were general thoughtes, were speedily pledged to inviolate silence, from the cook down to the housemaid. In return for this the domesties were each and everyone generously promised their best seat in the house on the night of the performance. Old Uncle Joe, who was reputed to have been a decendant in direct line of Ham, the brunette son of the commander of the Ark, had been pressed into the service as town-crier and bill poster to advertise the great event. Uncle Joe was a dear old darkey who was loved by everybody for his gentle ways and simple devotion to Mr. Booth and his family. The old slave religiously carried a child's spelling book about in his hat, "so dat de larnin' honey, will trickle into dis yere old skull ev mine," as he expressed it. Uncle Joe was given a number of placards to stick up on the fences of the neighborhood on the morning of the performance. These stated the attractions of the entertainment and further announced the rates of admission: "To the pit, 5 pins; to the boxes, 12 ditto." The boldness of this form of advertising would seem to indicate a supreme indifference to the wishes of Edwin's father. Nothing of the sort, however. That gentleman had departed for his farm at Bel Air the night previous, and the young histrions knew that business would detain him there for two days. So Uncle Joe started out on his mission with the gorgeously illuminated posters under his arm, and a pot of paste (mixed to the proper consistency by the cook) in his hand. Later in the day, a young gentleman of the neighborhood was sent out to see if the bill-poster had faithfully executed his work, and he returned in hot haste with the dreadful tidings that every one of the placards had been pasted—but upside down! Uncle Joe was summoned, and when indignantly questioned by one of the managers, explained that he "thought they'd look puttier dat way, chillun." The old fellow never liked to confess that he could not read, as he had great faith that the spelling book in his hat would put him in possession of that accomplishment some fine day.

Uncle Joe's argument seemed so reasonable, and his eye for beauty so well developed by this singular, topsy-turvy arrangement of the posters, that the management, after earnest consultation, concluded to forgive him forthwith. Their sympathy for the aged darkey's mistake was, perhaps, heightened by the thought that they themselves were engaged in wrong doing. But conscience is not abnormally developed usually in boys of ten, and whatever pangs of regret they had were soon forgotten in the business of preparation.

At seven o'clock in the evening a row of tallow dips was lighted, and the illumination showed the cellar changed into a theatre. I will not trespass on my reader's time by going into detail and describing the work that the juvenile managers had performed with their hammers and saws. Suffice it to say that a stage had been built, across which was drawn a curtain. Four private boxes (ingeniously constructed out of some dilapidated tables and broken-backed chairs), draped with sheets and thirty stools and chairs garnered from the neighboring dwellings, through the instrumentality of several friends of the managers,—these furnished the accommodations for whatever visitors might come in to look at the entertainment. Everything was in readiness, and at eight promptly the curtains were pulled apart and these juvenile delinquents commenced their performance before a packed and demonstrative audience of urchins. The receipts had been placed in a small box and taken around behind, and when counted it was discovered that 237 pins was the magnificent result. These were correctly divided between young Edwin and John Sleeper before they went on for the minstrel act which began the programme.

This was participated in by a half dozen friends of the managers. Edwin manipulated the "bones," and John Sleeper was the "tambourine." During this first part, the former young gentleman sang several songs, and his partner danced a hornpipe, which he had picked up, nobody knows where. This was voted a great success by the enthusiastic audience, and was noisily redemanded. The next feature of the entertainment, immediately following the minstrels, was the select melody, "Susannah, don't you cry," with banjo accompaniment, sung by Master Edwin. And here let me remark that this child had a longing for that which was truly comic, while John Sleeper was happiest reveling in the highly tragic.

A surprise awaited Edwin, however, which was most undesired and unexpected. Just as he attacked the fourth verse of the sublime "Susannah," and was displaying his mastery of the noble banjo by playing the accompaniment with one hand, there was a strange commotion at the door, the meaning of which was not quite clear until a number of scared youngsters near the entrance fell back and allowed Mr. Junius Booth to enter. He had returned unexpectedly from Bel Air.

His eyes wandered with an astonished expression over the transformed cellar, and then fell upon the figure of his hopeful on the stage.

That young gentleman's face blanched beneath the glory of the burnt cork with which it was decorated. He returned his father's wondering gaze with a stare of the most pronouncedly dubious character.

His fingers refused to move over the strings of the melodious instrument which he had been thrumming; his voice died away into silence. But only for a moment.

Mr. Booth had in the meantime quietly dropped into a seat, and the benign aspect of his countenance had a cheering effect upon Edwin, for he forthwith resumed the strains of his song, with redoubled energy and vigor. Then came the quarrel scene from Julius Cæsar, with John Sleeper as the noble Brutus, and young Edwin as the lean and hungry Cassius.

The splendid passage was respectfully listened to by the youngsters in front, who did not, however, show as much appreciation of Shakespeare's language as they did of the rollicking plantation melody which preceded it. There was one most attentive spectator, however, in the person of Mr. Booth. He sat in an attitude betokening the deepest interest in the youthful actors, and his thoughtful eyes sparkled with a strange light. When the scene was finished he gravely led the applause that followed, and then left in the same quiet manner in which he had entered. No word was spoken by him in rebuke of the performance, but it is known that later in the evening, as he sat alone by the firelight in his library up above, his pipe half smoked, went out and lay neglected in his hand, and he gazed into the glowing embers on the wide hearth long and pensively.

Thus Edwin found him when, hesitatingly and guiltily, he went to say good night. And when his father leaned down to kiss his little son, his embrace was more than usually tender, and a tear dropped softly on the boy's fresh, upturned cheek.

CURTIS.—Our Boston correspondent says of M. B. Curtis' Sam'l of Posen: "The representation of the Hebrew is without a blemish. It is a fine piece of acting, and one of the best compliments which can be paid to the actor is to say that he *fills* the part."



Mapleson's Italian opera season closes next Friday evening, when Mozart's Don Giovanni will be represented for the first time in two years, and with a strong cast—Zerlina, Gerster; Elvira, Valleria; Anna, Mme. Swift; Ottavia, Ravelli; Giovanni, Del Puente; Leporello, Corsini. The last opera matinee took place on Saturday. Aida was announced, but La Favorita was substituted on account of Valleria's illness. There was a crowded house. On Monday night Somnambula was given, and on Wednesday, La Favorita, with Del Puente, Cary and Campanini in the cast. Thursday is to be an "extra night," and Martha will be presented. This season of Italian opera has been on the whole a successful one financially. From a musical standpoint it has not been very remarkable. All the operas presented have been old ones, with the exception of Boito's Mefistofele. Perhaps Mr. Mapleson imagines that he has done enough in giving New York this great work. The season began on Oct. 18, with Lucia, followed by La Favorita, Faust, Linda, Carmen, Rigoletto, La Somnambula, Un Ballo in Maschera, Aida, La Traviata, I Puritani, Martha, and Mefistofele.

Monday's performance of La Somnambula did not draw largely, and perhaps this was on account of its too frequent repetition at the Academy. The familiar music of the opera was, however, well received, and the principal artists, Gerster, Campanini and Del Puente, loudly applauded. "Ah non Junge," was brilliantly rendered by Mme. Gerster. While the choruses were not all they should be, the playing of the orchestra was exceptionally good.

The Harlem Mendelsohn Union gave a fine concert at Chickering Hall, December 20, under the direction of Dr. Damrosch. A young violincellist, Emil Schenck, appeared, and the society produced Handel's Acis and Galatea.

Steinway Hall has been crowded at each of the Joseffy-Thomas concerts. On Tuesday the last of the series was given before a brilliant audience, which loudly applauded the piano solos of Joseffy and the grand performances of Thomas' orchestra. Perhaps the most popular of the pieces played were the Damnation de Faust selections. The "Rakoczy March" was redemanded but Mr. Thomas did not repeat it. Joseffy gave in his usual brilliant style a symphonic poem "Joan of Arc," and a concerto, No. 2 F minor by Chopin.

AMONG THE MUSICIANS.

We are to have Alfred Cellier's setting of the Masque of Pandora at last.

Dr. Damrosch's annual performance of the Messiah takes place Dec. 28 in Steinway Hall.

The first of Carl Feininger's four concerts of Chamber music will be given in Steinway Hall Dec. 30.

The French Opera company now playing at New Orleans will open at the Academy of Music in this city April 25.

Albert Rosse, a music teacher, gave a concert at Chickering Hall on Tuesday evening, assisted by a number of his pupils.

Madame Chatterton-Bohrer, the English harpist, has just returned from a New England professional tour, to New York.

An English musician has invented a new flute for which he claims increase of musical power and brilliancy of tune.

Sophia Priestly, the pianist, announces a vocal and instrumental concert at Chickering Hall Dec. 28. Belle Cole is among the vocalists to appear.

The second concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society took place on Saturday evening at the Academy of Music. Theodore Thomas conducted and the concert was a sucess.

The fourth Saalfield concert takes place in Steinway Hall Dec. 27. Among the artists engaged are Amy Sherwin, Emily Winant, Alexander Lambert, pianist, and F de Leauhoder, zither soloist.

A sacred concert was given at the Metropolitan Hall on Sunday in connection with the Hebrew Fair. Antonia Henne, Miss Hirsch, Franz Remmertz and Theodore Thomas' orchestra provided the music.

The second public rehearsal of the Oratorio Society took place at Steinway Hall on Tuesday afternoon. Handel's Messiah was performed. The soloists were Lillian Bailey, Anna Drasdil George Simpson and George Henschel.

Owing to the sudden indisposition of Valleria on Saturday, the opera Aida was replaced by La Favorita, with Miss Cary, Del Puente and Campanni in the cast. Hundreds who thronged the Academy of Music to see Verdi's spectacle, were disappointed.

Following is the cast of the Masque of Pandora to be produced in Boston Jan. 10: Pandora, Blanche Roosevelt; Hermes, Charlotte Hutchings; Epimethus, Hugh Talbot; Prometheus, Mr. Greensfelder; Hephaestus; Mr. Daboll; Aglia, Miss Mucelli.

Max Maretzek, who was engaged last summer by the Cincinnati College of Music to inaugurate an opera department in the College, has been successful. On Saturday the pupils under his direction presented in excellent style Rossini's Cinderella.

An elaborate musical programme will be performed on Christmas Day at St. Stephen's church in East Twenty-eighth street. An orchestra of selected musicians will assist the church organist in the production, among other works, of Ambroise Thomas' Messe Solenelle.

Joseffy performed a number of his favorite pieces at the Teachers' Association Christmas concert at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening. Mlle. De Lussan, Miss Dickerson, Mr. Brandeis and Mr. Forman were the vocalists. Mme. Sacconi played several harp solos acceptably.

The World's Metropolis.

LONDON, Dec. 9, 1880.

Mr. Edwin Booth's performance of Richelieu proves so popular, that it is announced to be given until further advice. This is in spite of the managerial notice that, owing to Mr. Booth's wide repertory and limited available time, twelve representations only could be given of each character. It was then very generally believed that the provision was counselled more by prudence than necessity, and the result favors that opinion. It is, however, very satisfactory that the public are so unanimous in their admiration of Mr. Booth's impersonation.

By-the-bye, with great generosity, Mr. Booth contributed fifty pounds to the fund that was raised for the support and education of the young daughter of unfortunate Mr. Charles Harcourt, to which praiseworthy object Mr. Walter Gooch himself donated the magnificent sum of one hundred pounds. A miscellaneous performance, in which nearly every actor and actress in London in some way or other contributed, was given with advanced prices at the Drury Lane Theatre on Monday. A very handsome sum must have been realized, though the exact figures are not to hand. The fund itself amounts to about a thousand pounds, and is almost entirely the subscription of professional men and women. In whatever virtues actors and actresses may be lacking, they are never lacking in charity. And probably no class of men—nor any given profession—has so many and such various claims upon their good feeling and upon their pockets.

Now is the Winter of our discontent signalized as usual by the arrival of circus and horse riding and animal-training shows. That is to say, now is the period that "Grand Cirques" and "Monstre Hippodromes," and such like grandly-named caravans, find a comparatively permanent resting-place in London. Hengler's well-known establishment has reopened for the season, with the performing bull Toro by way of principal attraction. Sanger's show, in the building once known as Astley's, is getting into working order, with an equestrian entertainment that will shortly be subordinated to the annual grand pantomime in which horses and elephants and mules, and low comedians and female legs, will combine to produce, as usual, financial satisfaction in the minds of the proprietors. Nor are these the only hippic pleasures at present available. A large circus has been constructed in the centre of the Royal Aquarium, where a very good programme, including the feats of a couple of trained elephants, is gone through twice every day. The groves of the Royal Aquarium remain, as usual, the favorite hunting-ground of Phyrne—and albeit certain difficulties now exist as to admission. Phyrne is both regular and numerous in her attendance. In the annex of the Aquarium, Dr. Carver is at present exhibiting his marvelous skill as a shootist.

Reference was made some time ago to the production of a burlesque by Messrs. Prendergast Brothers, entitled Don Juan, Jr. It was admitted that considerable attraction was to be found in this piece—not so much, however, on account of the literary beauty or the gems of wit to be discovered, as much as with reference to the luxuriance with which lovely woman, gaily but sparsely costumed, was to be observed "all over the place." An indignant advertisement from the authors, however, whom virtuous wrath impel to throw off the cloak of anonymity and to pose revealed as Messrs. Reece and Righton, now publishes the fact that some people find considerable charm even in the text of the play. It appears that numbers of unscrupulous folks are in the habit of coming to London, visiting and obtaining free admission to the Royalty on the strength of connection with country theatres, and then deliberately taking out note-books and putting down in short-hand, and by other despicable means, verbatim versions of Don Juan, Jr. Wherefore, let it be publicly known (advertise Messrs. Reece and Righton) that words, music, scenic effects, business, yea, almost the feminine charmers themselves, are thoroughly, effectually, and uncompromisingly copyrighted, and that consequently the blood of traversers thereof will be upon their own heads! But for what earthly purpose those provincial miscreants make the said transcript goodness knows—indeed, even that is problematical.

Mr. Charles Warner has been sustaining a further round of legitimate and first comedy parts, appearing in Romeo and Juliet, Lady of Lyons, Road to Ruin, and at present in the Child of the Wilderness. In all these parts he has been, of course, well received, and has equally, of course, proved at least satisfactory in each of them. As Harry Dornton in the Road to Ruin, a part in which he made one of his earliest successes, he has been more especially commendable, his more mature style adding to the good points that were observable in his earlier performance. Miss Isabel Bateman has supported him in all these plays, and as Sophia, in the Road to Ruin, particularly distinguishing herself. She now plays Parthenia to Mr. Warner's Ingomar.

W. C. T.

The New Year Mirror.

We find that sixteen pages furnish an entirely inadequate space to hold all the matter that has been prepared for the Christmas issue. We have concluded, therefore, to publish another special number next week, which will be no less attractive than this one. A story by Fanny Davenport, a sketch by Edwin F. Thorne, a jolly reminiscence by Stephen Massett ("Jeems Pipes"), together with stories anecdotes, poems and articles by Frederick de Belleville, Elliot Barnes, THE USHER, the Musical Editor and many others, will appear. In addition to these, the usual departments will be found more than ordinarily interesting.

PERSONAL.

FROHMAN.—Dan Frohman is enthusiastic about the popularity of THE MIRROR.

CORINNE.—The youngest prima-donna on the stage will be seven years old on Christmas Day.

CURREN.—P. Curren is looking after the business affairs of Bartley Campbell, vice John M. Burke.

RUDERSDORFF.—Mme. Rudersdorff was the constant companion of Bernhardt during her stay in Boston.

MARKHAM.—Pauline Markham will play Barbara Hare in East Lynne at Orange, N. J., Christmas night.

HAVERLY.—J. H. Haverly says he is more than satisfied with his business this season. All his theatres are paying.

STETSON.—Manager Stetson, who has just returned to the Hub, is all smiles over Salvini's success in New York.

TOOKER.—Commodore Tooker takes charge of the front of the house at Booth's during the run of the Uncle Tom spectacle.

STANDARD.—Stephen Fiske, Townsend Percy, and the venerable Joe Howard graced boxes at the Standard Tuesday night.

CROUSE.—Charley Crouse, of the Troubadours, dropped in to see us yesterday and to say that the week in Pittsburg is panning out well.

SPIES.—Mr. J. J. Spies is the recipient of a handsome meerschaum pipe, a present from Mr. R. J. Dillon, a member of Robson and Crane's company.

SUGGESTION.—Just now, while the political cauldron is boiling over in Ireland, why doesn't somebody reap the benefit of John Brougham's last play, Home Rule?

CONRON.—A reporter of THE MIRROR, in an interview with an uptown manager, learned that Miss Conron is the young lady engaged to play the part of Olivette at the Park.

HENDERSON.—Manager Henderson deserves much credit for the admirable manner in which he has put My Geraldine on the stage—with but ten days' notice, too.

MONTGOMERY.—Through a typographical error in the list of contributors to the Christmas MIRROR, which was printed last week, Geo. Edgar Montgommery's name appeared among the rest. This was an accidental injustice to Mr. H. W. Montgomery, whose clever article will be found in another column.

LEIGH.—We are authorized to state that the Miss Dora Leigh of Steele Mackaye's travelling Hazel Kirke company, who has made a hit at Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans as Dolly Dutton, was the pupil of Mr. Geo. Vandenhoff and owes all her dramatic instruction to him. Her ease and vivacity on her first appearance, a trial debut at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, was such as to surprise actors and audience, who scarcely beleived that it was really her first appearance on any stage.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Will you hear this letter with attention?
As we would hear an oracle.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

MISS LEWIS RELEASED BY MR. GARDINER.

EDITOR NEW YORK MIRROR.

MY DEAR SIR:—Please state that I have made arrangements with Catherine Lewis whereby she is released from her two years engagement with me, for a consideration, and her husband is now her authorized agent.

Yours always,
C. R. GARDINER.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29, 1880.

MR. NOBLES' SAN FRANCISCO RECEIPTS.

EDITOR NEW YORK MIRROR:

DEAR SIR:—I feel called upon, in justice to myself, to notice an item, evidently caused by a misapprehension, in the pleasant letter of your San Francisco correspondent, which appears in the current number of THE MIRROR. He gives Manager Locke as authority for the statement that my "share of the receipts" in my San Francisco engagement would be about $5000. So, as a matter of fact, I will state that the NET PROFIT considerably exceeded the sum named, and when we add to this my expenses, such as salaries, transportation, printing, etc., people who are posted will see at a glance that my "share of the receipts" largely exceeded double the amount named by your correspondent.

Very truly yours,
MILTON NOBLES.

Actor and Actress.

A LITTLE BY PLAY.

ACT I.—BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

The house had thundered with applause,
To greet Othello's mimic rage,
Which summoned plaudits without pause,
That softer scenes could scarce assuage.
"'Tis splendid!" weeping women cried,
So happy with their hearts in pain;
And from men's lips on every side
Came "Bravo!" o'er and o'er again.

ACT II.—AT THE WINGS.

"I am so proud of you to night."
The actor's sweetheart said to him,
With glowing cheeks and eyes a'light,
Behind the scenes, when lights were dim.
"Avaunt!" he cried, "your love's a lie!
You flirted in a shameful way
In yonder box beneath my eye
With Jack McBride all through the play."

ACT III.—AN ECHO FROM THE BOX.

"Oh, what a goose you are!" then laughed
The actor's sweetheart loud in glee:
"You surely must be somewhat daft
If through the ruse you cannot see.
I made you jealous just to work
You up to dread Othello's pitch.
A woman's up to many a quirk:
My chic will place you in fame's niche."

CURTAIN.

EARL MARBLE.

The Squatter's Last Christmas.

BY TOWNSEND PERCY.

I.

The quiet old gentleman, with his rugged kindly face, neat but clumsy black clothes, and old-fashioned stock and collar, had not been very garrulous during the voyage and so it was with some surprise that we heard him volunteer the story which it had been suggested was all that was needed to complete our Christmas merry-making.

In fact, some of us were very doubtful whether, under the circumstances, it would not have been better to have dispensed with the story altogether, the old gentleman's appearance not promising much that was either exciting or amusing. His hands, which were large and bony and muscular, held an old-fashioned pipe and the blue eyes, faded a bit with years' were still sharp, and there was a look of quiet determination about the man which challenged one's respect at once. During the voyage from San Francisco he had been a quiet observer of our pastimes; rarely spoke to anyone save the children, with whom he romped on deck by the hour; but some of us had noticed that he both avoided "The Growler" and yet watched him with an expression which we were unable to define clearly. "The Growler" had received that name before we had steamed ten knots beyond the Golden Gate on our way to Panama. Passengers on a mail steamer are apt to apply nicknames to one another behind their backs, and as this man growled at his bunk, at the food, at the weather, at our speed, at everything and to everybody, he was at once dubbed the Growler, by mutual consent. Even the Captain, who was not given to noticing the passengers over much, remarked to the purser that he "was worse than any old shell back in the for'cas'le, and wouldn't be happy if he had plums in his duff eight days in the week."

He was a short thick-set, man, dark complexioned and about fifty years old. His face bore marks of the wear and tear of dissipation, of ungoverned passions and a discontented spirit.

The rest of the cabin passengers were of the class usually encountered on a return voyage from California; good average specimens of Americans, disposed to make the best of everything and entertain each other. We had tried all day to make ourselves believe it was really Christmas. Everybody had wished everybody else "a Merry Christmas" several times over. We had made up a purse to distribute among the ship's crew and the stewards, and then, as there was nothing out of the usual course to do until dinner, everybody fell to thinking about his home.

A blue sky, a warm sun, a gentle breeze from the right quarter, but not a sail in sight, nor a cloud on the horizon, not even a glimpse of the Mexican coast which we knew was off there on our port side. Christmas to most of us meant snow and ice, crisp cold weather, crackling fires, warm drinks, bountiful tables, evergreen decorations, good cheer, presents, hearty greetings, the thousand and one little things everyone of which was wanting under a tropical sky in the waste of sparkling blue water stretching away in gentle undulation on every side.

The cook, who had received a respectable moiety of the contents of the purse referred to, had given us as good an imitation of a Christmas dinner as one could expect on shipboard; rather too good, on the whole, for turkey and plum pudding are not so toothsome on a warm night as less festive edibles. But we had made heroic attacks upon them from a sense of duty, and St. Nicholas, the President, the Queen—out of deference to our English passengers—and the officers had each been toasted in turn, and now a group of us were seated in a quiet corner on the hurricane deck, watching the sunset lights fade in the sky and the stars begin to peep out and rival the luminousness of the tips of our cigars. Then some one suggested that the only thing which we lacked was a Christmas story, and the old gentleman volunteered, regardless of the presence of "The Growler," who sat nearly opposite him, looking as discontented as usual, although he occupied the most comfortable seat in the corner.

II.

"My story," began the old gentleman, without waiting for our consent, "maybe will answer for a Christmas story, because several of the most important parts of it are about things which happened on that day. I don't know whether it has a moral or not, or whether all of you," glancing sharply at "The Growler," "will care much about hearin' it. A great many years ago—that is, about forty years ago—a squatter took up a tract of land on the banks of a small river in the backwoods of Pennsylvania. The place was then a forest waste, and there were only one or two railroads in the whole country, and these hadn't been built long. The squatter's name was not Edward Jordan, but I will call him so. Where he came from no one knew, and as his nearest neighbor lived thirty miles away, no one cared to know. The only road in the country at that time was a bridle path leading toward this neighbor's house, and on past it to the nearest settlement, some twenty miles further. Jordan was a young man, who brought with him a young wife, and set to work to build him a house, and clear a little patch of ground, on which he could raise a few vegetables. He knew how to handle a rifle and an axe, and that was all he did know. His father had been a squatter before him. He couldn't read nor write; he hardly knew there was a God; if he did it was only from having heard his name from swearing men in the settlement. His wife knew as little as himself. They had 'swarmed,' as we called it then, when they married, and left homes no better than the one he was about to make for himself, and they were contented with their lives. Here Jordan lived for twelve years, hardly ever setting eyes on human being. The wife bore her husband two daughters in the first two years of their life in the backwoods, and then died in childbirth a few years later. Jordan mourned for her as sincerely as if he had been a man of more education. She was more to him out there in the woods than most men's wives are. He dug with his own hands the grave in which his own hands laid the mother and her baby. After that his two little motherless girls ran half wild in the woods. They had scarcely clothes with which to cover their nakedness. Once a year Jordan rode away forty miles to the settlement, with a bundle of skins, and came back with the few necessaries for which he had swapped off his pelts. He worked in his little garden patch, and hunted and fished, while Nature brought up his children for him. It may seem singular to you, gentlemen, but those girls were both beautiful in face and perfect in form. The wild life they led encouraged their physical development, and they were rosy with perfect health and spirits, and grew straight and tall and supple and shapely."

The old man stopped a moment here and seemed to be viewing the past mirrored in the moonbeams, which were now silvering the waves and the long wake of the ship. The Growler had turned his head away and was nervously biting the tip of his cigar.

"Yes, gentlemen," continued the story-teller, "two finer specimens of women never lived than those two motherless girls, who knew no more about right and wrong than the squirrels they had for playmates. When the girls were about twelve years old, the first thing which had ever happened to disturb the quiet of the squatter's cabin came to them on Christmas Eve. Shouts roused Jordan from his nap by the side of a roaring fire. The girls slept on a heap of fir boughs in a corner, with their arms around each other, wrapped in warm, coarse blankets. They didn't know it was Christmas. He opened the door to find a young man about twenty years old, mounted on a good horse, and well dressed. He was exhausted with cold and hunger, and Jordan received him with rough but kindly hospitality. The traveler, after being warmed and fed, told his name, which we will call Walter Elliott. He was a civil engineer, sent out by a company who were going to build a railroad through that part of the country. He stopped nearly a week with Jordan, and picked out a place to throw a bridge across the river. Well, he fell in love with the oldest of the two girls. He was a young man and he was tender hearted, but he was true as steel. He told Jordan that he was the only son of his mother, who was a rich widow in Philadelphia. He saw the child growing up wild and yet lovely, and wanted to save her. He offered to take her to his mother, and promised that she would adopt and educate her. Jordan looked him in the face and believed him. It was pretty hard to let her go—hard for him and for her sister—but at last he said 'Yes,' and when Elliott rode away the squatter's little daughter went with him.

III.

"Walter Elliott, gentlemen, kept his word, and his mother was as good as the promises the boy had made for her. She sent the child to the best schools in the country, and gave her a mother's love and a mother's care. And when she had finished her school days Walter Elliott married her. The ignorant squatter's daughter became the accomplished wife of a rich man. They had only one child. He loved the child and its mother honestly, and cared for them tenderly, but the wife, who was now known as Grace Elliott, began to fade away. She was a backwoods child, and although she had never seen nor heard from her father, and had almost forgotten him, yet she could not stand her new life. She wasn't pining exactly, but somehow when once you've lived in the open air, houses kind of choke you."

Several men in the party who had been in mining camps assented to this, while the old gentleman relighted his pipe, and then he went on without noticing the set, scared look in the face of the Growler.

"Well, Walter Elliott took his wife to Europe for her health, but she only grew worse, and finally one day in Paris she lay slowly but surely going out like a lamp. She got to thinking of the backwoods then, and her sister (Mary her name was, did I tell you?) and of the old cabin on the river, and the father that was a sulky old hunter, and she began to hanker after them. So she wrote her sister a letter and asked her to come and see her. She thought she was still an ignorant backwoods girl; but she wanted her to come and see her once more. The last time. But the dozen or so years she had been away had made changes there where the squatter's hut had stood. The engineers were followed by the railroad contractors. They took some of Jordan's land and paid for it. It was the first he ever had in his life. Then the workmen came, and he began to see human life around him. By and bye he commenced furnishing meals to the workmen and began to accumulate some money. All this time, gentlemen, Mary Jordan, the only child he had left, was growing up into a handsome woman. She was lonesome always after the older girl went away. She wandered around the woods alone. She was as innocent and as ignorant as the does that came down to the river to drink before the railroad days.

"Among the men who came with the railroad was a contractor named—well, we'll call him Lawton. Gentlemen, he was a villain. He was the kind of a man who would whistle a bird off her nest and destroy her young ones out of pure cussedness."

No one spoke, and after a minute the speaker went on. "We'll come back to him after awhile. As Jordan began to engage in trading and to get hold of some money, he had to get some one to keep his accounts straight, so Mary was sent away one Winter to a district school. She learned to read and write and cipher; then she came back to the Squatter Jordan and taught him what little she knew. Gentlemen, it's a wonderful thing for a backwoods man when he first gets a look into the new country that reading and writing opens up. Mary grew into a student and by and bye when the letter came from the sister, she was able to write and tell her that she was going to her. Coming from the backwoods to Paris she wrote, and her father sent his second and last girl after the first. It was on a Christmas night that Mary landed in Paris, gentlemen. She was just in time to kiss the sister that she had not seen for so many years, to have her put her child in her arms, and to promise to be a mother to it, and then one of the backwood's girls was dead. Mary stayed there with her sister's husband and his mother two years. Grace's child forgot it ever had any other mother, and it isn't very strange that Walter Elliott got to love the sister of his wife, and that she loved him. He asked her to marry him. She refused. He pleaded with her. She acknowledged that she loved him, but she would not marry him. Their hearts were breaking and yet there was no hope for them. Walter Elliott left his mother and child and Mary in Paris and came to America. He went back to the old place on the river bank and told his troubles to Jordan. It would make my story too long to tell you how, but the father and Elliott made a horrible discovery. Before Mary had ever been to school, before the half-wild squatter's girl knew right from wrong, when she was as simple-minded as a child, and yet was a woman grown, she had fallen a prey to the contractor named Lawton. He came, gentlemen, like another Devil into the backwoods and found another Eve to tempt. He did not spare her. When her eyes were opened to a knowledge of the wrong that had been done her, the villain had gone away. Her life was ruined before she knew what life meant. Walter Elliott went away with his secret and his love. The love triumphed. When he reached Paris he told Mary that he knew of her sinless fall; he still wanted her for his wife and his child's mother. I have told you before that he was true as steel."

IV.

As the old gentleman's story unfolded itself, the Growler appeared like a man fascinated by some horrible vision; but everyone was too intent upon the story to notice him.

"I am pretty nearly to the end of my story now, gentlemen. Mary again refused to marry him. She was harder on herself than any one else could have been. She wanted to expiate by a lifetime of suffering another's sin. Walter Elliott then told her story to his mother. Naturally enough she objected at first to her son marrying Mary, although she too loved her. Her mother's heart was too tender though, and when she saw that her son was broken-hearted, she added her entreaties to his. Mary wavered; she was almost persuaded; she was sorely tempted. At that moment her father entered the room, and placed in her arms her sister's child, to which she had promised to be a mother. That was on Christmas Eve." As the old gentleman spoke these last words there was a choking sound from the direction of the Growler, and he walked away into the shadows toward the bow of the ship.

"A year after that there was a Christmas merrymaking in the home of Walter Elliott. At his table were his new wife, his child, his mother and Jordan. The squatter's daughter was happy, and Jordan, the squatter, had founded an honorable family. But there was one duty left for the father to perform, and on that Christmas night Jordan quietly left his daughter's house and was never heard from again."

As the old gentleman finished speaking he rose, and laying down his pipe, walked rapidly forward into the shadows in the direction taken by the Growler. No one spoke. The moonlight glittered on the water; the propeller kept up its steady pulsing like a human heart; the deck was deserted.

Suddenly two figures emerged from the shadow into the moonlight on the bow of the ship. They were locked in a death struggle. Before any one could interfere they had reached the starboard rail. The story-teller lifted the Growler bodily into the air. Then, without a sound, both men swung across the rail and plunged into the ocean. They were never seen again, and by mutual consent we who had heard it did not repeat the story to which we had listened; but we knew that Edward Jordan, the squatter, and Lawton, the seducer, and the secret of Walter Elliott's wife were buried under the waters of the Pacific.

SEASONABLE.—The Editor of THE MIRROR desires to return the many pleasant wishes expressed by the staff of correspondents for a truly Merrie Christmas.

An Anecdote of Parepa-Rosa.

BY MARY FISKE.

There is no place on earth where man's utter helplessness comes out so strongly—where there the ceremonies in human use fall so powerless before the majesty of the occasion—as at a funeral. It need not be that one's heart shall be interested. The obsequies of a stranger, conducted with all the pomp and vanity of church and state, with the melancholy rolling drum of the military funeral, or the gorgeousness of the Masonic regalia apron—all are alike inadequate and unavailing. But once in my life have I witnessed a ceremony that was as grand and impressive as the silent, awful occasion of it.

Dear Louisa Eldridge will one day furnish the world with a quarto volume entitled "What I Know About Funerals." (And it won't exhaust her information.) But I will tell the Christmas readers of THE MIRROR of the Christmas funeral which lingers in my memory as the grandest, most solemn and befitting ceremony that ever was given to the dead. It was many years ago that a poor, widowed woman, leading a hard life of unending labor, was called to part with the one thing dear to her—her only child. Mother and daughter had toiled together for fifteen years, and the only bit of sunshine falling into their dark lives was that shed by their loving companionship. But the girl had been always weakly. Under the heart-broken mother's eyes she faded and wasted away with consumption, and at last the day came when the wan face failed to answer with a ghastly smile the anxious, tear-blinded eyes of the mother. The poor young creature was dead. For many months the pair had been supported by the elder woman's sewing, and it was in the character of employer I had become acquainted with Mrs. C. and her story. By an occasional visit to the awful heights of an East side tenement where they lived—by a few books and with some comforting words, I had won the love of the dying girl. Her grateful thoughts turned in her last hours to the small number of friends she possessed, and she besought her mother to notify me of the day of her funeral and ask me to attend. That summons reached me upon one of the wildest days preceding Christmas. A sleet that was not rain, and a rain that was not snow, came pelting from all points of the compass. A wind that wailed in the chimney and howled in the street told how truly dreadful for outside purposes was the weather of the day. I piled the glowing grates; I drew closer the curtains and shut out the gloom of the December afternoon; I turned on the gas and sat down devoutly thankful that I had cut all connection with the wicked weather—when an instalment of it burst in on me in the shape of Parepa-Rosa. She was Euphrosyne Parepa at that time, and the operatic idol of the city. Muffed with tippets—flecked with snow—glowing with the short encounter she had had with the elements—rushing up the steps from her carriage, she threw herself into an easy chair and proclaimed the horrors of the outer world to be beyond description.

And even as we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of a delightful day together, there came the summons for me to go to the humble funeral of the poor sewing-woman's daughter. I turned the little tear-blotted note over and groaned. "This is terrible," said I; "it's just the one errand that could take me out to-day; but I *must* go." And then I told Parepa the circumstances and speculated on the length of time I should be gone, and suggested means of amusement in my absence.

"But I shall go with you," said the great good-hearted creature.

"Your throat, and old Bateman, and your concert to-night!" I pleaded.

"If I get another 'froggy' note in my voice, it won't matter much; I'm hoarse as a raven now," she returned.

So she rewound her throat with the long white comforter, pulled on her worsted gloves, and off in the storm we went together. We climbed flight after flight of narrow, dark stairs to the top floor where the widow dwelt, in a miserable little room not more than a dozen feet square. The canvas-back hearse peculiar to the twenty-five-dollar funeral stood in the street below, and the awful cherry-stained box with its ruffle of glazed white muslin stood on uncovered trestles in the centre of the room above.

There was the mother, speechless in her grief, beside that box—a group of hard-working, kindly-hearted neighbors sitting about. It was useless to say the poor woman was prepared for the inevitable end—it was cold comfort to speak to her of the daughter's release from pain and suffering. The bereft creature in her utter loneliness was thinking of herself and the awful future—of the approaching moment when that box and its precious burden would be taken away and leave her wholly alone. So therefore, with a sympathizing grasp of the poor, worn, bony hand, we sat silently down to "attend the funeral."

The undertaker's man, with a screw-driver in his hand, jumped about in the passage to keep warm. The creaky boots of the minister belonging to the twenty-five dollar funeral were heard on the stairs. There was a catarrhal conversation held outside between them, as to the enormity of the weather, and (probably) the bad taste of the deceased in selecting such a time to die was discussed. Then the minister came in with a pious sniff, and stood revealed a regular Stiggins as to get up—a dry, self sufficient man, less than the day, and colder than the storm. He deposited his hat and black gloves and wet umbrella on the poor little bed in the corner; he slapped his hands vigorously together; he took himself in well merited fashion by the ears and pulled them into glowing sensation, and after thawing out for a moment, plunged into business. He rattled merrily through some selected sentences from the Bible. He gave us a prayer that sounded like peas in a dried bladder, and he came to "Amen" with a jerk that brought me up like a patent snaffle. He pulled on his old gloves and grabbed his rusty hat, and with his umbrella dribbling inky tears over the well-scrubbed floor, he offered a set form of condolence to the broken-hearted mother. He told her of her sin in rebelling against the decrees of Providence. He assured her that nothing could bring the dead back. He inveighed against the folly of the world in general and this poor woman in particular; and then he made a horrid blunder, and showed he didn't know even the sex of the dead, by saying: "*He* cannot come to you, but you must go to *him*."

This was a settler for Parepa and myself. We looked at the departing minister in blank astonishment.

The door swung wide; we saw the screw-driver waving in the air as the undertaker's man held converse with the clergyman. A hush fell on everybody gathered in the little room. Not one word had been uttered of consolation, of solemn import, or befitting the occasion. It was the emptiest, hollowest, most unsatisfactory moment I ever remember. Then Parepa rose, her cloak falling about her noble figure like mourning drapery. She stood beside that miserable cherrywood box. She looked a moment on the pinched, wasted, ashy face upturned toward her from within it. She laid her soft white hand on the discolored forehead of the dead girl, and she lifted up that matchless voice in the beautiful melody:

"Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, O take her to thy care."

The screw-driver paused in describing an airy circle; the wet umbrella stood pointing down the stairs; the two men with astonished faces were foremost in a crowd that instantly filled the passages. The noble voice swelled toward Heaven, and if ever the choirs of Paradise paused to listen to Earth's music, it was when Parepa sang so gloriously beside that poor dead girl. No words can describe its effect on those gathered there. The sad mourner sank on her knees, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes the little band stood reverently about her.

No Queen ever went to her grave accompanied by a grander ceremony. To this day, Parepa's glorious tribute of song rings with solemn melody in my memory, as the only real, impressive funeral service I ever heard.

"Don't You Forget It."

["Miss Ward believes she owns all rights to Forget Me Not: Mr. Wallack thinks otherwise.—NEW YORK STAR.]

O Genevieve, sweet Genevieve
That sailst across the sea.
Thou dost not know the bitter woe
That's waiting here for thee.

King Lester sat in his royal chair
A-patting his Arthur's head;
Then Chamberlain Moss with a frenzied glare
Came storming in, with a cuss and a swear,
And said, "Oh, d—— it all, look't here!"
And he pointed with rage and dread
To a cablegram that told the tale
How Genevieve that day set sail
With a drama in her pocket.
"Good Gawd!" the King exclaimed in heat,
While Arthur at once jumped out of his seat
Like a very incontinent rocket.

"To be forewarned is to be forearmed.
Why need our house be thus alarmed?
Let Genevieve sail to-day.
Call out our men with paint and brush;
A little speed, if need be, rush,
And we shall mount her play."
"O Guv'nor," Arthur gasped, unmanned,
With tears of joy, "Yer 'and, yer 'and;"
While Moss bowed low and said, "Most strong
Indeed thy sense of right and wrong."

"O Genevieve, sweet Genevieve,
That sail'st across the sea;
Thou soon shalt know the bitter woe
That's waiting here for thee."

"The Wallack code," King Lester spoke,
"Is free from ordinary yoke.
The Wallack forms the world defy
I do; 'tis done; who dares ask why?"
* * * *
"Forget Me Not," the breezes said
That played above brave Lester's head.
"Forget Me Not"—in black and white
The play-bills echoed through the night.
And there where Lester's rule ran high,
The people came and asked not why.
They grasped the Wallack fancies all,
The Osmond blurt, the Coghian crawl
(Each, in its individual way
The outgrowth of a Wallack sway).
And Lester patted Arthur's head,
And Arthur patted Moss's back,
And three rejoicing sinners said,
"This is the true Wallackian tack."

L'ENVOI.

However wrong by common right,
However wrong in average sight,
Let Lester give his sanction strong;
The thing is right, however wrong.

O Genevieve, sweet Genevieve,
That sail'st across the sea,
Dost thou not know the bitter woe
That's waiting here for thee?

—SYDNEY ROSENFELD.

SUIT.—A suit against Ed Rice for the detention of the costumes of Charity Begins at Home, Ages Ago, and the Spectre Knight, has been instituted by one who claims to be the rightful owner.

DRAMA IN THE STATES.

What the Player Folk are Doing All Over the Country.

DATES AHEAD.

Managers of traveling companies will favor us by sending every week their dates, and mailing the same in time to reach us on Monday.

ABBEY'S HUMPTY DUMPTY: New York city during holidays.

ADA CAVENDISH: Memphis, 20, week; Nashville, 27, week; Clarksville, Jan. 2; Bowling Green, Ky., 4; Frankfort, 5; Lexington, 6, 7, 8.

AGNES LEONARD: Massillon, O., 25; Cleveland, 27, 28, 29.

ADA GRAY: Athens, Ga., 25; Spartanburg, S. C., 24; Charlotte, N. C., 28, 29; Greensboro, 30, 31; Raleigh, 1.

ALL THE RAGE COMB.: Rochester, 20, week; Lockport, 27; Jamestown, 28, Erie, 29; Youngstown, O., 30; Akron, 31; Canton, Jan. 1; Columbus, 3; Chillicothe, 4; Dayton, 5; Springfield, 6.

ANTHONY AND ELLIS' UNCLE TOM: Chicago, 20, week.

BARNEY MACAULEY'S MESSENGER: Montgomery, 22, 23; Macon, 24, 25; Augusta, 27; Savannah, 28, 29; Charleston, S. C., 30, 31, Jan. 1; Columbia, Va., Jan. 3; Charlotte, 4; Danville, 5; Lynchburg, 6; Richmond, 7, 8.

B., W., P. & W. MINSTRELS: Erie, Pa., 23; Oil City, 24; Titusville, 25; Buffalo, 27, 28; Hornellsville, 29; Elmira, 30; Rochester, 31, Jan. 1.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S GALLEY SLAVE: Columbus, O., 24, 25; Cleveland, 27, week; Chicago, Jan. 3, week; Cincinnati, 10, week; Dayton, 17; Springfield, 18, Chillicothe, 19; Newark, 20; Wheeling, 22, Pittsburg, 24, week; N. Y. City 31, eight weeks.

BIG FOUR MINSTRELS: Paducah, Ky., 25, Hopkinsville, 27; Nashville, 28; Bowling Green, 29; Lexington, 30; Louisville, 31, Jan. 1.

BUFFALO BILL: Worcester, Mass., 25; Westfield, 27; Northampton, 28; Springfield, 29; Hartford, 30; Holyoke, 31; New Haven, Jan 1.

BAKER AND FARRON: Troy, N. Y., 24, 25; Rochester, 27, 28; Auburn, 29; Oswego, 30; Syracuse, 31, Jan. 1; Buffalo, 3, week.

BEN MAGINLEY'S DEACON CRANKETT: Holyoke, Mass., 23; New Haven, 24, 25; Waterbury, 27; Hartford, 28, 29; North Hampton, Mass., 30.

BOSTON IDEAL OPERA CO.: Oshkosh, 23; Fond du Lac, 24; Indianapolis, 27, 28, 29; Louisville, 30, to Jan. 3.

BOSTON THEATRE CO.: Providence, 27, 28, 29, 30; Philadelphia, Jan. 3, two weeks.

CAMPBELL'S GERALDINE CO.: N. Y. City, 20; Brooklyn, 27.

CHILD OF THE STATE: Brooklyn, 20, week; Washington, 27, week.

CLINTON HALL'S STRATEGISTS: Milwaukee, 25; Niles, Mich., 27; Kalamazoo, 28; Muskegon, 29; East Saginaw, 30; Bay City, 31; Jackson, Jan. 1; Lansing, 3; Ypsilanti, 4; Adrian, 5; Detroit, 6, 7, 8.

CORINNE MERRIEMAKERS: Indianapolis, 23, 24, 25, Milwaukee, 27, week; Chicago, Jan. 3, week.

C. L. DAVIS: Pittsburg, 20, week; Cleveland, 27, week; Chicago, Jan. 3, week.

COMLEY-BARTON LAWN-TENNIS CO.: N. Y. City, Nov. 22, twelve weeks.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON: Wilmington, Del., 25; Altoona, Pa., 28; Johnstown, 29; Steubenville, O., 30; Newark, 31; Zanesville, Jan. 1; Springfield, 3, 4; Richmond, Ind., 5.

COLLIER'S BANKER'S DAUGHTER: New Orleans, 20, week; Galveston, 27, 28, 29, 30; Houston, 31, Jan. 1.

CRITERION COMEDY CO.: Danville, 23; Dayton, 24, 25; Springfield, O., 27; Wheeling, 29, 30; Columbus, O., 31, Jan. 1; Mansfield, 3; Canton, 4; Youngstown, 5; Akron, 6; Pittsburg, 7, 8; Boston, 10, two weeks.

DENMAN THOMPSON: Buffalo, 20, week; Pittsburg, 27, week; Brooklyn, Jan. 3, week.

EMMA ABBOTT OPERA CO: Minneapolis, 23, 24, 25; Dubuque, Ia., 27; Jackson, Mich., 29; Detroit, 30, 31.

FRANK FRAYNE: Chicago, 20, week.

FANNY DAVENPORT: Atlanta, 23; Montgomery, 24; Mobile, 25; New Orleans, 27, week.

FRANK MAYO: Waterloo, Minn., 27; St. Paul, 28, 29; Stillwater, 30; Minneapolis, 31.

FORD AND DENHAM'S MASQUERADERS: Terre Haute, 24, 25; Greencastle, 27; Indianapolis, 28, four nights.

FUN ON THE BRISTOL: Chicago, 20, two weeks; Ft. Wayne, Jan. 3; Lafayette, 4; Terre Haute, 5; Indianapolis, 6, 7, 8; St. Louis, 10, week.

GILMORE & BENTON'S VARIETY CO.: Cincinnati, 20, week; New Orleans, 28, two weeks.

GILMORE'S HUMPTY DUMPTY: Syracuse, 25; Clyde, 27; Lyons, 28; Palmyra, 29; Brockport, 30; Batavia, 31; Buffalo, Jan. 1.

GOSCHE-HOPPER (100 WIVES): New Orleans, 26, week.

GUY'NOR COMB. (George Fawcett Rowe): Toronto, 28, week.

GOLDEN GAME COMB.: Nashville, 23, 24, 25; Evansville, Ind., 27; Terre Haute, 28; Lafayette, 29; Bloomington, Ill., 30; Decatur, 31; Springfield, Jan. 1.

GULICK-BLAISDELL CO. 4 (Arabian Night): Omaha, 24, 25; Sioux City, 27; Yankton, 28; Mankato, 29; St. Paul, 30, 31, Jan. 1.

GUS WILLIAMS COMB.: Rochester, 23, 24, 25; Toronto, 28, 29; Buffalo, 30, 31, Jan. 1.

HAVERLY'S BLACK HUNDRED: Philadelphia, 27, two weeks.

HAVERLY'S NEW UNITED MASTODON MINSTRELS: New Orleans, 24, week; Memphis, 27, 28, 29.

HI HENRY'S MINSTRELS: Rochester, Ill., 23; La Porte, 24; Michigan City, 25; Buchanan, Mich., 27; Niles, 28; Paw Paw, 30.

HARRY MINER'S ROOKEY: Opelika, 23; Atlanta, 24, 25; Athens, 27; Augusta, 28, 29; Macon, 30; Savannah, 31, Jan. 1.

HAVERLY'S WIDOW BEDOTT: (C. B. Bishop): Bradford, Pa., 28; Titusville, 29; Oil City, 30; Meadville, 31; Akron, O., Jan. 1.

HERRMANN: Chicago, 20, two weeks.

HERBERT CONSTELLATION: Streator, Ill., 20, week; Mortis, 27, week; La Salle, Jan. 3, week.

HERNES HEART OF OAK: Memphis, 27, week; St. Louis, Jan. 3, week.

HELEN POTTER'S PLEIADES: Columbia, Pa., 25; Chambersburg, 28; York, 29; Harrisburg, 30; Reading, 31; Danville, Jan. 1; Towanda, 3; Canisteo, N. Y. 4; Mundy, 5.

JARRETT'S CINDERELLA: Detroit, 20, week; Chicago, 27, week. Indianapolis, Jan. 3, 4; Columbus, O., 5, 6; Dayton, 7, 8.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH: Washington, 20, week; Philadelphia, 27, two weeks.

JOHN T. FORD'S CO.: Baltimore, 25.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON: Evansville, Ind., 20; Terre Haute, 21; Ft. Wayne, 22; Indianapolis, 23, 24, 25; Louisville, 27, week; Cincinnati, Jan. 3; Lexington, Ky. 10, 11.

J. B. STUDLEY (Monte Cristo): Williamsburg, 20, week.

JOSEPH K. EMMET: Albany, 20, week.

JOHN T. RAYMOND: Marysville, 23; Portsmouth, O., 24; Zanesville, 25; Wheeling, W. Va., 27, 28, Mansfield, 29; Indianapolis, 30, 31, Jan. 1.

JOHN A. STEVENS: Wheeling, 23; Johnstown, Pa., 24; Harrisburg, 25; N. Y. City, 27 week.

KATE HAYES CONCERT CO.: Allentown, 24, 25; Baltimore, 27; New Castle, Del., 28.

KATIE PUTNAM: Huntsville, Ala., 23, 24; Chattanooga, 25; Knoxville, 27, 28; Rome, Ga., 29; Selma, Ala., 30, 31, Meridian, Miss., Jan. 1.

KIRALFY BROTHERS' ENTERTAINMENT: Boston, 20, two weeks.

KATE CLAXTON: Utica, N. Y., 25; Albany, 27, week.

KIRALFY'S AROUND THE WORLD: Baltimore, 20; Philadelphia, 27, two weeks; Brooklyn, Jan. 10, two weeks.

LAWRENCE BARRETT: N. Y. City, 20, two weeks.

LEAVITT'S GRAND ENGLISH OPERA BURLESQUE CO.: St. Louis, 13, two weeks; New Orleans, 27, two weeks.

LEAVITT'S RENTZ SANTLEY CO.: Louisville, 24, 25; St. Louis, 27, week.

LITTA CONCERT CO.: Bloomington, Ill., 23, week; Sandwich, 29; Sterling, 30; Dixon, 31; Galena, Jan. 1.

LEAVITT'S SPECIALTY CO.: Pittston, Pa., 23; Bloomington, N. J., 24; Trenton, 25; New Haven, 27; Meriden, 28; Worcester, 29; Providence, 30, 31.

LOTTA: Baltimore, 13, two weeks; Cincinnati, 27, two weeks.

MAUDE GRANGER: Two Nights in Rome: Detroit, 22 to 25; Chicago, 3, week.

MAGGIE MITCHELL: Boston, 20.

MME. RENTZ'S MINSTRELS: Hartford, 25; Norwich, 27; Webster, Conn., 28; South Bridge, 29; Clinton, 30; Lowell, 31; Lynn, Jan. 1.

MILES JUVENILES: Cincinnati, 27, week.

MILTON NOBLES: Cincinnati, 20, week; Chicago, 27, week.

M'LISS PIXLEY CO.: N. Y. City, 13, two weeks; Brooklyn, 27, week; Williamsburg, Jan. 3.

MAPLESON'S OPERA CO.: Boston, 27, two weeks.

MINNIE PALMER COMB.: Chicago, 20, week; Lafayette, Ind., 25; Fort Wayne, 26, Richmond, 29; Indianapolis, 30, 31, Jan. 1; St. Louis, 2, week.

MCGIBENY FAMILY: Rome, N. Y., 24, 25.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS: Danville, 23; Logansport, 24; Ft. Wayne, 25; Richmond, 27; Dayton, 28, 29; Springfield, 30; Columbus, 31, Jan. 1.

MITCHELL'S PLEASURE PARTY: St. Louis, 20, week; Cincinnati, 27, week.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE S. KNIGHT: Philadelphia, 20, week; Pottsville, Pa., 27; Allentown, 28; Harrisburg, 29; Reading, 30; Williamsport, 31.

MANN'S COMIC OPERA CO.: New Bedford, 23; Fall River, 24, 25; Lynn, 27; Salem, 28; Waltham, 29; New Haven, 30; Meriden, 31.

MY PARTNER (Aldrich and Parsloe): Philadelphia, 20, two weeks; Baltimore, Jan. 3, week.

MRS. G. C. HOWARD'S UNCLE TOM: Toronto, 27, week.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE CO. (Hazel Kirke): Charleston, 23, 24, 25; Norfolk, Va., 27, 28; Petersburg, 29; Richmond, 30, 31, Jan. 1.

MR. AND MRS. CHANFRAU: St. Louis, 27, one week.

MARY ANDERSON: N. Y. City, 13, four weeks.

NICK ROBERTS' HUMPTY DUMPTY: N. Y. City, 20, week; Brooklyn, 27, week; Philadelphia, Jan. 3.

NAT GOODWIN'S FROLIQUES: Cincinnati, 20, week; Columbus, O., 27, 28; Springfield, 29; Indianapolis, 30, 31, Jan. 1; Chicago, Jan. 3, week.

NEIL BURGESS (Widow Bedott): Boston, 20, week; Troy, 27, week.

OLD CROSS CO.: Hartford, Conn., 27; Willimantic, 28; Middletown, 29; Norwich, 30; New London, 31.

ONE HUNDRED WIVES COMB.: New Orleans, 26.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON: Philadelphia, 20, two weeks.

OUR GENTLEMEN FRIENDS (George Holland): Albany, 23, 24, 25; Poughkeepsie, 27; Newburg, 28; Yonkers, 29; Easton, Pa., 30; Newark, N. J., 31, Jan. 1.

PALESTINE ARABS: Chillicothe, O., 24; Columbus, 25; Cincinnati, 27, week.

POLK'S GENTLEMAN FROM NEVADA: Philadelphia, 27, week.

POWER'S PARAGON CO.: Port Huron, Mich., 27; Bay City, 28; East Saginaw, 29; Flint, 30; Grand Rapids, 31, Jan. 1.

PIRATES OF PENZANCE: Louisville, 20, week; St. Louis, 27, week.

ROSE EYTINGE AND CYRIL SEARLE: Akron, O., 27; Canton, 28; Youngstown, 29; Erie, Pa., 30, Jamestown, N. Y., 31; Bradford, Pa., Jan. 1.

RIAL AND DRAPER'S UNCLE TOM: New York City, 25.

RICE'S BIJOU OPERA CO.: Cleveland, 20, week; St. Louis, 27, two weeks.

RICE'S EVANGELINE: Chicago, 20, two weeks; St. Louis, Jan. 3.

RIVE-KING CONCERT CO.: Toledo, 23; Chicago, 24, 25, 26; Jackson, Miss., 27; Grand Rapids, 28; Muskegon, 29; Grand Haven, 30; Milwaukee, 31, Jan. 1.

RICE'S SURPRISE PARTY: N. Y. City, Nov. 25, several weeks.

ROBSON AND CRANE: Reading, Pa., 23; Wilkesbarre, 24; Scranton, 25; Washington, 27, week.

SALVINI: New York city, 13, two weeks.

SARA BERNHARDT: Montreal, 23, three nights, thence Baltimore.

SALSBURY'S TROUBADOURS: Pittsburg, 20, week; Reading, 27; Pottsville, 28; Williamsport, 29; Wilkesbarre, 30; Pittston, 31.

STEVENS' UNCLE TOM: Grand Rapids, 23, 24; Detroit, 27, week.

SMITH AND MESTAYER'S TOURISTS: Boston, 27, week.

STRAKOSCH OPERA TROUPE: Evansville, Ind., 10; Nashville, Tenn., 11, 12; Memphis, 13, 14, 15; Louisville, 20, 21, 25; Cincinnati, 27, week; St. Louis, Jan. 3.

SOL. SMITH RUSSELL (Edgewood Folks): St. Louis, 20, week; Springfield, Ill., 27; Decatur, 28; Peoria, 29; Danville, 30; Terre Haute, Jan. 1.

SOLDENE OPERA-BOUFFE CO.: Philadelphia, 20, two weeks; Albany, Jan. 3, 4, 5; Troy, 6, 7, 8.

TONY DENIER'S HUMPTY DUMPTY: Cincinnati, 20, week; Pittsburg, 27, week.

THE FAVORITE: Akron, O., 26; Toledo, 27, 28; Detroit, 29, 30, Jan. 1.

THE HARRISONS (Fred): Providence, R. I., 23, 24, 25; Taunton, 27, Woonsocket, 28; Lynn, 29; Troy, Jan. 1.

TOM THUMB: Rochester, 13, two weeks; Pittsburg, 27, week.

WILLIE EDOUIN'S SPARKS: Brooklyn, 27, week; Boston, Jan. 3, weeks.

WARNER'S BABY OPERA CO.: Zanesville, 23; Wheeling, 24; Pittsburg, 25.

☞ *The demand upon our space by special contributors to the* CHRISTMAS MIRROR *compels us to curtail our correspondence this week.*

Baltimore.

Holliday Street Theatre (John W. Albaugh, manager): Lotta has been attracting large and enthusiastic audiences all week. She is the same sprightly little elf—the only Lotta. Zip was the opening piece, and is, probably, the brightest play in her repertory. The support was admirable. P. A. Anderson did a fine piece of character acting as Jules Gallett and C. H. Bradshaw was quite comical as Philosophy Jack. Julia Hanchett was satisfactory, and as Maude in Musette displayed considerable dramatic force. Lotta another week.

Academy of Music (Samuel W. Fort, manager): When the curtain rose on the first act of The Gladiator on Monday night, the house was packed to the walls, the aisles and lobbies choked up and people outside eager to gain admittance. Since the time of Edwin Forrest, there has been no tragedian on the stage whose physical force has been adequate to the part of Spartacus. In his first entrance as a captive Thracian, McCullough presented a very picturesque appearance. In the scene in the arena, when he recognizes in his opponent his own brother, he acted with great spirit. F. B. Warde, as Phasarius, shared the honors with the star. The company was excellent. Friday night and Saturday matinee, Virginius was given, and Saturday night Richard III. Next week, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Howard in Uncle Tom.

Ford's Opera House (John T. Ford, proprietor): The old friends of J. B. Polk gave him an enthusiastic welcome on his return to his native city. In his line he has not a superior on the American stage. A Gentleman from Nevada has nothing novel to startling about it, but is fruitful of fun and enjoyment. Mr. Polk took a benefit on Friday night, with good effect financially. Emma Pierce was very easy and charming as Lady Alice Egerton. A word of praise is due to James V. Flynn, who, though not a member of the Polk co., played the Chinaman neatly and at short notice. The play was handsomely mounted. Next week the house will be closed until the production of the Christmas play.

Monumental Theatre (A. L. Kernan, manager): Thompson's Electric Light comb. gave a good bill to large audiences all the week. The ohs embraced the Snydam Bros., in clever and difficult acrobatic feats on the horizontal bar; Lillian White, sentimental vocalist, and I. M. Hengler in his late success, The Tramp. Louise Murio sang several operatic selections with good taste, and Master Barney and Barney McNulty (the two Barneys) appeared in their own laughable sketch, entitled Bridget the Ballet Girl. The performance closed with W. J. Thompson's drama in a prologue and three acts, Yacup, or the Peddler's Story. George W. Thompson, in the leading role, gave a neat, refined bit of acting, and proved himself to be one of the finest German character actors on the stage. He reminds one very forcibly of Gus Williams, and, like him, is at home both in humor and sentiment. Next week, Robert Butler's Metropolitan Pantomime troupe.

Maryland Institute: George Kunkel in Uncle Tom's Cabin, supported by Sheffer and Whaley's co.

Front Street Theatre (Daniel A. Kelly, manager): Harry Woodson, the old-time darkey delineator; Miles Morris, in his admirable specialties; Joyce Martelle, serio-comique and change artist; Owen Carroll, ventriloquist; Thompson Brock, rough (very) Irish business; Louise Lyle, a good vocalist; S. F. Renard, supported by Harry Gardner, and the stock co. of the house, in the highly sensational drama, Condemned, or the Perils of an Orphan, closed the programme. Next week George Sweete, John Byrne, Macking Bryant, J. F. Sherry, Lord and Van Leer; May Stanton, May Diamond, Charles L. Banks and the Murrays in their new act. Manager Kelly's comedy farce, In the Steerage, will be the *piece de resistance*.

Items: On Monday night, after the performance at the Academy, the Fifth Regiment Band, under Prof. Itzel, serenaded McCullough. Of course the genial John treated his friends, who tendered the serenade, handsomely.—C. B. Bishop was in town on Tuesday visiting friends and relatives.—Halleck's French Opera troupe were billed at Ford's for next week, but will not appear.

Chicago.

Haverly's (J. H. Haverly, manager): The Strakosch & Hess English Opera co. appeared during the week in Carmen, Mephistofele, Aida, The Bohemian Girl and Trovatore, to fair houses. 20th, Rice's Extravaganza co. in Calino, their new burlesque.

Grand Opera House (J. A. Hamlin, manager): The Boston Ideal Opera co. have done a prosperous week's business. 20th, Minnie Palmer's Gaiety co. in Our Boarding School.

McVicker's (J. H. McVicker, manager): Rip Van Winkle, with Joseph Jefferson as Rip. 20th, Hermann the Magician and his Specialty co.

Hooley's (R. M. Hooley, manager): A. M. Palmer's False Friend comb., to fair houses. 20th, Jarrett and Rice's Fun on the Bristol co.

Olympic Theatre (Z. W. Sprague, manager): Al Phillips with a snap co. in a play called Blunders. 20th, Frank Frayne.

Fox's Theatre (Robert Fox, manager): Fanny Herring in Little Buckshot has amused and entertained the patrons. Good business. Usual ohs. 20th, Fanny Herring as Jack Sheppard.

Items: Jarrett's spectacular opera, Cinderella, will be on the Grand Opera House stage New Year's week.—Sarah Bernhardt's two weeks' engagement at McVicker's commences Jan. 10.—Curtis and Carroll have been engaged by Gulick and Blaisdell for their Minstrel Congress.—The Academy of Music will reopen 20th.—During the recent engagement of Clinton Hall in The Strategists Mr. H. appeared before the curtain and stated that the Grand Opera House was one of the most elegant places of amusement he had ever appeared in. Miss Alice Wright left to join the Frank Mayo co. at Omaha. The Iron Hand comb., piloted by one Dick O., has given up the ghost for lack of financial breath. At the Holliday Street Opera House Uncle Josh's Picnic and The Maid of Munster will be the attractions 20th. Indianapolis Hall, on Twenty-second street, will be opened 23d with R. B. Bush in Rip Van Winkle. Nelson and Thomle, managers of World Lyceum Bureau, have assumed the management of the Eunice Goodrich comb., and opera at Champaign, Ill., 20th.

Cincinnati.

Grand Opera House (E. J. Miles, manager): The Rice Extravaganza troupe closed a moderately successful engagement, 18th. During holiday week Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty holds the boards, followed 27th by Lotta.

Pike's Opera House (Louis Ballenberg, manager): Rice's Bijou Opera co. closed a successful engagement, 18th. The troupe comprises quite a clever array of artists. For the current week, genial Nat Goodwin and his Froliques will present Hobbies, followed, 27th, by Strakosch's Italian Opera co.; Jan. 3, Jefferson.

Heuck's Opera House (James Collins, manager): Shannon and Edeson's Golden Game comb. closed an artistically successful engagement 19th. For the current week, Milton Nobles. 27th, Mitchell's Pleasure Party.

Coliseum Opera House (James S. Edwards, manager): The success attendant upon the return to the strictly vaudeville has induced the management to secure Gilmore and Benton's Variety co. for the week of 20th.

Vine Street Opera House (Thomas E. Snellaker, manager): A strictly first class performance and a house jammed to repletion is the order of the day, or, more properly speaking, of the night at the "Gold-Mine."

Items: The Messiah will be rendered at Music Hall 25th, with Messrs. Whitney and Bischof and the Misses Norton and Cranch as soloists, and a large attendance is anticipated.—Our local managers have, without exception, tendered benefit performances to the families of the dead firemen.—Bob Stickney, of circus fame, is home for the holidays.

New Orleans.

Academy of Music (David Bidwell, manager): Ada Cavendish began a week's engagement 12th. The Soul of an Actress was the first play produced, and a large audience was present to witness the performance. It proved a disappointment. The best piece of acting she has given us was her Camille. The supporting co. is a poor one. Mr. Boniface seems to be entirely out of his element in every character he assumes. Besides the two plays mentioned, The New Magdalen and The Lady of Lyons have made up the week's bill. Next week Haverly's New Mastodons. Fanny Davenport in An American Girl follows.

French Opera House (M. de Beauplan, manager): The attraction of the week at this house has been the production of Verdi's Aida. Mme. Ambre and M. Tournie fairly surpassed themselves, the former as Aida and the latter as Rhadames.

St. Charles Theatre (David Bidwell, manager): Hazel Kirke was transferred from the boards of the Academy to the stage of this theatre on last Monday night. At every performance the large auditorium has been completely filled. Mr. Couldock is nightly the recipient of several curtain calls, and is applauded on his every entrance. Miss Ellsler has won hosts of admirers by her beautiful acting in Hazel. Mr. Gustavus Levick's Lord Travers is one of the neatest, most manly and effective pieces of acting we have seen. Mr. Ferguson as Pittacus Green is excellent. Herne's Hearts of Oak next week.

Grand Opera House (Thomas A. Hall, manager): Collier's Banker's Daughter comb. commence a week's engagement 19th. The advance sale is quite promising. Gosche & Hopper's One Hundred Wives comb. follow.

Philadelphia.

Chestnut Street Opera House (George K. Goodwin, lessee and manager; J. Fred Zimmerman, assistant manager): A Child of the State drew rather small audiences last week. This week we have the Soldene Opera troupe.

Arch (Mrs. John Drew, lessee; Charles A. Mendum, manager): Robson and Crane, in Sharps and Flats, played all last week to fine business. This week, The Pirates of Penzance. 27th, J. B. Polk.

Chestnut Street Theatre (Charles S. Morley, lessee; William H. Daly, manager): Very good business last week, with A Celebrated Case. This and next week My Partner.

Walnut (George K. Goodwin, lessee and manager; S. F. Nixon, assistant manager): The second week of Enchantment. Business not so large. This week, The Tourists. 27th, McCullough.

Arch Street Opera House (Thatcher & Ryman, managers): The opening of this house by Thatcher & Ryman's Minstrels took place on Monday night of this week, when, in spite of the heaviest snowstorm of the season, every seat and every inch of standing room was occupied.

Wood's Museum (George Wood, manager): Daniel Rochat and The Stranger drew good audiences last week. In the former, Harry Meredith was fair, as the unbelieving Daniel, Lillie Hinton quite strong, as Lea, Mrs. Hunter very weak, as Esther, and Helen Ottolengui excellent, as Arabella. This week, Fanchon and The Corsican Brothers.

Broad (Leonard Grover, manager): Freaks did not "catch on" to any great extent on its second week. Business seems on the decline. This week we have The Land Leaguers of Ireland, a new play.

National (C. F. Kelly, manager): Last week, Gus Phillips, to fair business. This week, Oliver Doud Byron.

Items: It is rumored that the Chestnut Street Theatre will open in the latter part of January with a stock co., and that the Walnut will follow suit next season.—Mayor Stokley will refuse to issue licenses to the variety theatres next year, and there is trouble in the variety encampment in consequence.

St. Louis.

Olympic Theatre (Charles Spalding, proprietor): The Galley Slave did not prove a paying attraction. Next week Sol. Smith Russell.

Pope's Theatre (Charles Pope, manager): Mrs. Scott Siddons has made a fine artistic success, and her houses have been from fair to middling. Mitchell's Pleasure party next week.

Grand Opera House (John W. Norton, manager): Leavitt's Burlesque co. has had the cream of the business during the past week, in La Fille du Tambour Major. Next week the burlesque on Carmen will be given.

Apollo Theatre (Colonel Sachbaker, manager): Owing to the burning of the Theatre Comique (Bickel's comb.) had to go to this pretty little theatre. Packed houses were the rule. The performance has never been beaten in St. Louis. The co. will remain indefinitely.

Items: Mrs. Scott Siddons practices pistol-shooting every day. Yesterday she defeated Harry Sargent and McMahon, both crack shots.—Thomas E. Garrett, newly elected exalted ruler of the Elks, and dramatic critic of the Republican, has returned to St. Louis, a complaint by W. D. Wetherell. They report Frog had a glorious time.—The California Craven Comedy co. will open the Bucknell Theatre on Dec. 21 with Frank Drew as the star, Irish Emigrant and Nan the Good for Nothing, with Jessie Deagle as Nan, will form the bill.

Connecticut.

BRIDGEPORT.

Your correspondent learns from reliable authority that a new Opera House is to be erected here in the Spring. Welcome news. We are badly provided for at present. P. T. Barnum makes the following request of our clergymen: "In a spirit of firm reliance on the omnipotent arm of Him who doeth all things well, I hereby request the prayers of all the congregations of Bridgeport for His blessing to rest upon me, with thanksgiving for all the mercies which I have hitherto so abundantly received at His hands." Give the the old man a chance.

HARTFORD.

Roberts' Opera House (W. H. Roberts, manager): The old veteran, Charley Duprez, occupied the boards 13th, with his minstrels, to good business. 14th and 15th, the Soldene Opera co. in La Fille de Mme. Angot and Naval Cadets. The performance would have disgraced a concert hall. As a natural result of such a state of affairs the co. broke in Meriden 16th, though I believe some one helped them through to Providence. 21st, the Bernhardt. From all the indications she will have a packed house, though I doubt if the receipts exceed those of Lucca in opera some years since—$4,280. 23d, Willie Edouin's Sparks co.; 25th, Madame Rentz Minstrels.

Allyn Hall: Harry Bernard's International comb., from Philadelphia, is booked for Christmas and Monday following.

New National Theatre (J. K. Newton, manager): Business good; company above average. Della Turner, a new face here, made a great hit in her songs. The Morriseys were, as always, great favorites. Departures: Della Turner and the Morrisseys to Boston; Avery and Larue to New York; 4 Comets to Albany. Christmas week: Bartlett Sisters, Emma B. Bell, Morello Brothers, John D. Griffin, Mister Roberts, N. B. Shimer, Flora Bingham and Lulu Newton. Burlesque Pin a-Fore closes the bill.

Items: The speculators in seats for Bernhardt night are beginning to hedge, and premiums have fallen from $2.00 to 50 cents. Serves them right. One of the fraternity made quite a splurge the night before the sale, as advance agent for the show, but deceived but few with his tale.

MERIDEN.

Wilcox Opera House (T. H. Delavan, manager): 9th, Kate Claxton in The Two Orphans, to a large house; 15th, J. B. Studley in Monte Cristo, to light house; 16th, Emily Soldene Opera co., to good house. Booked: Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels 20th; Happy Thought comb. 21st.

Items: The Soldene party declared war against their manager J. H. Jarvis) after their performance 16th, on account of salaries not being paid, and refused to go any further. Promises finally settled it.

Colorado.

DENVER.

Palace Theatre (Ed. Chase, proprietor): Beauty MacDonald is still the sensation. Mr. Chase commenced his repairs Monday last.

Item: Mark Thall benefits on 18th; a good variety bill will be provided, with Professor Zamlock the chief attraction.

District of Columbia.

WASHINGTON.

National Theatre (John W. Albaugh, manager): The ever-popular Chanfrau played Kit, the Arkansas Traveler, to fair audiences last week. The co. is "so-so," and the well-known characters of the Judge (W. N. Griffith) and the Major (George Woodward), the two professional beats, were acted in all their familiar naturalness. Margaret Lanner, an old amateur, who delighted society here a few years ago, showed vast improvement. Mrs. Chanfrau gave Tayleure's comedy, Patted, at the Wednesday matinee, and East Lynne Saturday afternoon. Kiralfy's Around the World spectacle 20th, week.

Ford's Opera House (John T. Ford, manager): Haverly's Widow Bedott co. opened 13th, to an enthusiastic audience. Bishop's impersonation of the Widow captured the people at first sight. James O. Barrows played Elder Shadrack Smilles very successfully. Balance of cast medium. Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight in Otto, 20th, week.

Lincoln Hall (Pratt & Co., managers): The native Palestine Arabs, seven in number, including the celebrated Selim, the discoverer of Dr. Livingstone, appeared 13th and 14th, to good houses. The performance was very interesting.

Theatre Comique (Jake Budd, manager): Morlacchi, supported by Alf McDowell, in the French Spy, played the entire week to excellent business. The variety talent consisted of Landis and Steele, Prof. Steen, Mrs. M. E. Steen, the Nelsons, the Budworths, and full stock co.

Georgia.

ATLANTA.

De Give's Opera House: 6th and 7th, Herne's Hearts of Oak. The scenery captured the large audiences. 8th, Abbey's Humpty Dumpty, to a full house. 9th, Haverly's New Mastodons, to a jammed house; refined and fashionable audience; everybody delighted. 10th, Ada Cavendish, in Soul of an Actress. 13th, Ada Gray for three nights. Tagliapietra Opera co, 16th; Hazel Kirke, 17th.

Items: Ada Gray has purchased a life membership in our Y. M. L. A.—Hugh Angier, son of an ex-Mayor of this city, is a member of Tagliapietra co. He has lately returned from Italy.

AUGUSTA.

Opera House (N. K. Butler, manager): 17th, Fanny Davenport in An American Girl, to a large and appreciative audience. Miss Davenport was repeatedly called before the curtain. She appears by request next Wednesday. Mr. Price, her manager and husband, paid your paper a great compliment.

Indiana.

FORT MADISON.

Concordia Hall (Charles Drew, manager): 15th, Callender's Georgia Minstrels, to crowded house.

Items: The scenery of Concordia Hall has been almost entirely repainted, and it can now boast of as fine a stage as any hall of its size in the State.

INDIANAPOLIS.

Dickson's Grand Opera House (J. B. & Geo. A. Dickson, managers): Pirates of Penzants, to good business 13th, 14th, 15th; Criterion Comedy company in Freaks, to fair business, 16th, 17th, 18th. Booked: Rentz-Santley Novelty co., 20 and 21, 23, 24, and 25.

Park Theatre (J. B. & G. A. Dickson, managers): Miles' Juvenile Opera co, to good houses, 16, 17, and 18. The entertainment was enthusiastically received. Booked: Straskosch Hess Opera, 20, 21, 22; Corinne Merriemakers, 23, 24, and 25.

English Opera House (Will E. English, manager): Barlow, Wilson, Primrose and West, to overflowing houses, 13, and 14. Corinne Merriemakers filled the balance of the week to good business.

Gilmore's Zoo Theatre (Will Turner,

manager): The past week presented a splendid olio performance. The Uncle Tom's Cabin burlesque, while proving a good drawing card, was exceptionally thin.

Academy of Music (Fred. Felton, manager): Will be open the present week with the drama and usual variety run.

FORT WAYNE.

Grand Opera House (H. S. Mensch, manager): 14th, John A. Stevens in Unknown, to good house. 15th, Salsbury's Troubadours, to an immense house. 16th, Pirates of Penzance, to standing room only. Mr. Wood, of the chorus, has succeeded Signor Brocolini as the Pirate Chief. Among early announcements are Jefferson, Scott Siddons, Minnie Palmer, Frank Frayne, Lotta, etc.

Bijou (Variety): Opened 20th, with Maggie Russell, Clinetop Sisters, Fannie Smith, Sadie Hasson, Alice Montague, Lavender and Price, Frank Jones, Ed. Chrissie, etc.

TERRE HAUTE.

Opera House (C. E. Hosford, manager): 11th, Abercrombie's Uncle Tom, to good business. 17th, Leavitt's Rentz-Santley co., to a large audience. Coming: D'Oyly Carte's Pirates of Penzance, 8th; Joseph Jefferson as Bob Acres, 21st; Galley Slave, 22d; Clinton Hall's Strategists, 23d; Ford and Denham's Masqueraders, 24th and 25th.

Iowa.

KEOKUK.

Gibbons' Opera House (D. L. Hughes, manager): 16th, The Abbott English Opera co. gave two performances, afternoon and evening, presenting Il Trovatore and Maritana. The audience at the matinee was rather poor, but at night there was a splendid house. Just before the last act of Maritana Manager Hughes came out and announced that the fire bells would ring in a few moments, there being a fire a few blocks away, and for the people not to be alarmed; which thoughtfulness on his part deserves a compliment, as it probably prevented a panic. Jan. 1, with New Year's matinee, Gulick & Blaisdell's Minstrel Congress; 4th, Pirates of Penzance; 5th, Rentz Stanley Novelty co.; 7th and 8th, Mitchell's Pleasure Party.

BURLINGTON.

Union Hall (R. M. Washburn, manager): 14th, Callender's Georgia Minstrels to a $200 house.

Items: Emma Abbott Opera co. comes 17th, in Lucia, and the sale of seats now amounts to $400.—Maud Forrester's Mazeppa again failed to fill their engagement, thus cutting off Maude Granger, who wanted their dates.—The Burlington Boating Association, a very solid organization, will now attempt to build the much-needed Opera House.

IOWA CITY.

Opera House (John Coldren, manager): 10th, Roland Reed and Alice Hastings in An Arabian Night; good house. 11th, Callender's Georgia Minstrels, to paying business. Frank Mayo comes 22d.

DES MOINES.

Moore's Opera House (W. W. Moore, manager): 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, Ellis' Oaken Hearts to light business. 13th, 14th, Gulick-Blaisdell's Arabian Night, to fair audiences.

Academy of Music (William Foster, manager): Florence Herbert 6th and week to large audiences. 13th and 14th, C. L. Davis, to large houses.

Illinois.

DANVILLE.

Lincoln Opera House (Leslie Davis, manager): 11th, John A Stevens.

Items: Owing to a severe attack of laryngitis, Barney Macauley gave no entertainment at Bloomington or this place.—Gilbert having left him, C. L. Howard is playing the title role in Mrs. Joshua Whitcomb.—We are under obligations for courtesies to Mr. George Miller, advance agent Galley Slave comb.

SPRINGFIELD.

Chatterton's Opera House (J. H. Freeman, manager): Mrs. Scott-Siddons 24th. Rial's Pantomime co. appears 24th and 25th.

Adelphi Theatre (W. H. Laird, proprietor): Continues to do a good business. 13th, the following new faces: Master Willie Brandon, Williams and Young, and the Duncan Sisters.

Kansas.

LEAVENWORTH.

New Opera House: 13th, Sol Smith Russell in Edgewood Folks, to large audience. The co. is good, but the piece is not. 14th, Naiad Queen was repeated to a small audience. McKnight, the proprietor, takes it to Kansas City holiday week. 15th, Frank Mayo in Davy Crockett, to his usual good business. Coming: 18th, An Arabian Night (Roland Reed and Alice Hastings).

Old Opera House: Forbes & Cotton comb. opened 15th, in Black Diamonds; 16th, True Devotion, and matinee, Uncle Tom, to only fair business. Ben Cotton and his little daughter, Idalene, are very good; support moderate.

German Theatre: Preciosa the Gipsy was given 12th, to big business. Schiller's Robbers billed for 19th.

Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE.

Macauley's Theatre (John T. Macauley, manager): John T. Raymond closed a week's engagement 18th, to good business. Mr. Raymond is an old favorite in Louisville, and whenever he visits this city a generous reception awaits him. There was a great desire to see him in a new play, and Friday night, when My Son was presented, a full house greeted him. Booked: Pirates of Penzance Dec. 20, one week; Jefferson 27, one week.

Opera House (Brooks & Dickson, lessees): 13th, 14th, 15th, New York Criterion Comedy co. in Freaks, to very light business. Booked: Strakosch and Hess English Opera co. 23d, 24th, 25th; Boston Ideal Opera co. 30th, 31st, Jan. 1.

Liederkranz Hall: 16th, Wurster German comb. from Cincinnati, producing Der Bibliotheker, to a large audience.

Knickerbocker Theatre (Nellis Borden, proprietor): Booked: 20th, Sweeney and Carter, Tom Sayers, Holland Bros., Miss Violette, Duncan Sisters, Shed Le Clair, Madge Austin, Sullivan and Barry and Mollie Barry.

Buckingham Theatre: Wood and White opened for the week, with their Electric Congress.

Items: Manager Thomas, of the Criterion comb., says that his co. had no connection with the Baker Criterion co. which collapsed in Ohio last week, as was reported in the Cincinnati papers, but instead they are making money, and will fill out the season.—C. D. Hess, of opera fame, was in the city this week, and denies the report that Miss Seguin, of the Abbott troupe, will join his co.—Manager Whallen, of the Buckingham theatre, takes out a variety co. through this State during the holidays, opening in New Albany.—Stage Manager Morrissey, of the Buckingham, takes a benefit at that house Jan. 9.

LEXINGTON.

Opera House (R. B. Marsh, manager): 10th, 11th, Neil Burgess, to two large houses. 16th, Talmage lectured on "Bright Side of Things." Receipts, $1,164. 18th, Revellers, to small house.

Maine.

PORTLAND.

New Portland Theatre: 14th and 15th, the Harrisons, in Photos, to fair audiences. The co. is a very good one. Alice Harrison is a host in herself. She received a triple encore in one scene. Louis Harrison is a very versatile character actor. Carrie Daniels plays the guitar finely, and sings well. Theresa Wood makes the most of her small part, and danced well. R. E. Graham is capital in everything he undertakes. The other members of the co. were all good, especially Harry Warren, as the Roman Army. 18th and 19th, H. B. Mahn's Opera co., in Boccaccio. Jeannie Winston not only possesses a splendid soprano voice, and sings with great expression, but she is a thorough actress. Francesca Guthrie sang and acted the part of Fiametta charmingly. The other characters are all excellently taken. Mahn's Opera co. will always be gladly welcomed here. Booked: 25th, two performances, Joseph Proctor, in Nick of the Woods. We shall probably have Sam'l of Posen later in the season.

Massachusetts.

TAUNTON.

Music Hall (White Bros., proprietors): Nothing doing the past week. Booked: Joseph H. Keane and Kate D. Pell, 21st and 22d, in Rip Van Winkle and Oliver Twist.

Minnesota.

ST. PAUL.

Opera House (John X. Davidson, manager): 20th, 21st, 22d, Abbott Opera co., four performances. Bookings: Frank Mayo, 28th, 29th; Arabian Night, 30th, Jan. 1, 3.

Conley's Varieties: Fair business. New faces: Edward and Hattie Morton, Kitty Gardner, Frank Celly and Charles Archer.

Item: The genial James H. Morrissey, business manager of Abbott, is in town, and meets with a hearty welcome. Those eyes!!

MINNEAPOLIS.

Criterion Theatre (Bryton & Carver, managers): The past week Oliver Twist and Colleen Bawn to fair business. 17th, Mr. William Lloyd takes benefit. Matrimony will be played. 20th, Messrs. Selwin and Titus take a joint benefit. Messrs. Bryton and Carver have arranged for a trip with their co. through the northwest as far as Winnipeg.

Academy of Music (Herrick Bros., managers): The following booked: Emma Abbott, 23d, 24th, 25th; Frank Mayo, 31st, Jan. 1; Arabian Night co., 5th, 6th; Rive King Concert co., 7th; Mitchell's Pleasure Party, 21st, 22d; The Corinne Merriemakers, 27th, 28th, 29th.

Michigan.

DETROIT.

Hermann has been having a succession of good houses at the Detroit. Assisted by a fine specialty troupe, he gives a very neat and very pleasing entertainment. Jarrett's Cinderella succeeds—a very appropriate entertainment for the Christmas holidays. 27th, Stevens' Uncle Tom. 30th, Emma Abbott.

At Whitney's the Rionda Concert co. appeared, 13th, to a small house. It is understood that the co. disbanded at Toledo. 16th, Minnie Palmer and her Boarding School, to a good house. It is a very poor entertainment without Scanlan and Ince, and it is said that Miss Palmer intends to bounce the co. 21st, Rive-King Concert co.; 22d, Maude Granger; 27th, Anthony & Ellis' Uncle Tom; 30th, The Favorites.

GRAND RAPIDS.

Powers' Opera House (William H. Powers, manager): 10th, Salsbury Troubadours presented The Brook to very large business. The co. is as good as ever, and pleased everyone. Mr. Nat Salsbury (who, by the way, commenced his career as an actor in this city) is deserving of special mention for his excellent rendition of Col. Montrose. 16th, 17th and 18th, Garry Hough's co. appeared in Forsaken, to very light business. Booked: 23d, 24th and 25th, Stevens' Uncle Tom; 28th, Rive-King Concert co.

Smith's Opera House (William B. Smith, manager): Past week crowded to the doors to witness the Lecnzo Bros. in their drama entitled The Avenger. The olio is a very good one, and includes Alice Ridgeway, Billy Wylie, Varney and DeBar, Ada Walton and Mlle. Bernetta.

New Hampshire.

MANCHESTER.

Smyth's Opera House (A. D. Stark, manager): Mahn's English Opera co. 16th, in Boccaccio, to small audience. The Harrisons came 18th, under management of Mart Hanley. They gave the most pleasing entertainment of the season, full of fun, fine singing and acting. The co. will return in January.

Music Hall (M. P. Horne, manager): Full houses every night. Appearing: Ryan and Coffey in songs and dances, and James Holbrook, comedian. New faces next week: Mons. Ventini and Bessie Randolph; Dan Luke, Connie Griffin and Ida Mortimer.

Items: The new Opera House will probably be opened about Jan. 24, by Voyagers in Southern Seas, now being played at the Boston Theatre.—It is rumored that Mr. A. D. Stark, for many years manager of Smyth's Opera House, will retire Jan. 1.

NASHUA.

The Harrisons, who have some fine printing about town, appear in Photos 18th. The Jollities, who were here two weeks ago to the best pleased house of the season, come again 28th.

New York.

BUFFALO.

Academy of Music (Meech Bros., proprietors: Week of 13th, All the Rage, to fair attendance; 20th, Joshua Whitcomb. The following week the first nights will be given over to the amateurs, when the attraction will be Fron Fron, with Miss Agnes Ethel (Mrs. Tracy) in the leading character. Balance of the week Gus Williams in Our German Senator.

The Adelphi (Joe Lang, manager): The leading card was Mr. Harry G. Richmond, and among others Add Weaver and Nellie Parker. This week the leading feature will be John Denier's Humpty Dumpty. Olio: Connie Harlen, Matt McCormick, Fred Huber, Kittie Allyne, Gibson and Bimgey, Redmond Clifton, Robert Searle, and Miss Ada Barnett.

St. James Hall (O. G. Flint and Thos. Carr, managers): Uncle Tom's Cabin will be produced by the Wilkinsons, 24th and 25th. Barlow, Wilson, Primrose and West's Minstrels, under the management of the Messrs. Meech, 27th and 28th. Emma Abbott Opera co. Jan. 7 and 8. Olive Logan will lecture Jan. 14. Gilmore's Humpty Dumpty Troupe, under the management of Meech Bros., Jan. 10.

Items: The attendance at the performance of the Rive-King Concert troupe was small, doubtless owing to the very inclement weather.

ROCHESTER.

Corinthian Academy of Music (Arthur Luetchford, manager): My partner closed a very successful engagement of four nights and matinee 16th. The play was most excellently acted. 17th and 18th, George Holland and co. appeared in Our Gentlemen Friends, to light business. Mr. Holland is a fine actor and is supported by a fair co. All the Rage co. occupy the boards this week. The Osbornes 27th and 28th.

Grand Opera House (Joseph Gobey, manager): Halleck's French Opera co. produced Offenbach's La Fille du Tambour Major 13th, to fair sized audience. 14th and 15th, Leavitt's Specialty comb. drew fair houses. 23d, Gus Williams in our German Senator, for three nights and Christmas matinee. 27th and 28th, Baker and Farron.

Washington Hall (Michael Filon, proprietor: General Tom Thumb and co. have been drawing crowded houses.

Items: F. C. Rust having tendered his resignation as business manager of the Academy, A. F. English, who has long been identified with the house, has been appointed to fill the vacancy. Mr. English is a very obliging and courteous gentleman and a thorough business man, and will make a most popular manager. Fred C. Kimball has received the appointment of treasurer of the Corinthian.—Many members of the profession will regret to hear of the death of A. G. Whitcomb, of the Whitcomb House, in this city.

SYRACUSE.

Wieting Opera House (Philip H. Lehnen, manager): 14th, Halleck's French Opera troupe in La Fille du Tambour-Major; 15th, Nick Robert: Humpty Dumpty. The co. are very good in the pantomime, and fair in the olio. Leavitt's Vaudeville Specialty co. closed the house for the week on the 16th. They attracted largely up stairs, with balance of audience thinly scattered over the body of the house. Booked: T. W. Keene, 23d, 24th, 25th.

Grand Opera House (Philip H. Lehnen, manager): 18th, and matinee, Neil Burgess as The Widow Bedott, to good business. The widow is as comical as ever, and the supporting co. is excellent. Bookings: Kate Claxton, 21st; Gus Williams, 22d; Gilmore's Humpty Dumpty, 25th.

Shakespeare Hall (S. Bastable, proprietor): Bernard's Vaudevillists drew just 51 people in two evening performances, and consequently the co. left town on the quiet, forgetting to liquidate numerous bills.

Chase Music Hall: 13th, Candee Concert co. drew largely. 14th, Dr. Wm. H. Schultz lectured on "Violins and Violinists of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," to a good audience.

Items: E. M. Dudley, of our city, left for Chicago Monday, where he assumes management of the Ideal Opera co.—Prof. Bailey, a colored violinist, who resides in Oneida, N. Y., was in the city Friday, on his way to join the Hyer Sisters comb., at Pittsburg.—The genial *Clipper* representative, Mr. Eugene McCarthy, joins the noble ranks of the Benedicts in the near future. Congratulations, my boy.—Harry Phillips advance for T. W. Keene, is in the city. Spencer H. Cone, advance for Kate Claxton, and John H. Robb for Gus Williams, are in the city.—Manager Lehnen is making arrangements for the return of Halleck's French Opera co.

ALBANY.

Leland Opera House (J. W. Albaugh, manager): 13th, 14th, and 15th, Hyer Sisters in Out of Bondage, to light business. Nick Roberts balance of week to fair houses. 20th, J. K. Emmet, week. 27th, Kate Claxton.

Martin Opera House (Col. Foote, manager): The Tourists, 16th, 17th, and 18th, to large business. T. Wilmot Eckert, tenor, proves a valuable acquisition to the co. 21st, Gus Williams; 23d, 24th and 25th, Annie Ward Tiffany; 30th, Leavitt's Specialty co.

Tweddle Opera House (William Appleton, Jr., manager): 17th and 18th, Halleck's French Opera co. and concert eve of 19th, to beggarly houses. 21st, Mrs. D. P. Bowers in recitations, and Mme. Theresa Carieno, pianist. 23rd, 24th and 25th, Our Gentleman Friends. 27th, debut of Miss Eva Gardner of this city as Pauline in Lady of Lyons, supported by Bayard H. Wood and a local co. of amateurs.

Wood's Novelty Theatre (Harry Wood, manager): Business continues large.

Item: The boy Ryan, who was accidentally shot in the hand during the Harrisons' engagement at Martin's Opera House, died during the past week.

BATAVIA.

Opera House (John Dellinger, manager): 16th, George Holland in Our Gentlemen Friends, to a large house. Bookings: Osborne's Comed co. 23d and 24th; Skiff & Gaylord's Minstrels, 25th; Lillian Chase, Jan. 1, and matinee.

Items: The new Opera House in Churchville, constructed by George C. Bogardus, was opened 17th. A co. from Rochester appeared in the farce-comedy, Box and Cox, followed by the comedy-farce Mix, to a crowded house.

JAMESTOWN.

Allen's Opera House (A. E. Allen, manager): 11th, George Holland appeared in Our Gentleman Friends, to light business. 14th, Mitchell's Pleasure Party in Our Goblins, gave the best of satisfaction to fair business. 16th, Henry Ward Beecher, to small business. Alice Oates in Long Branch billed for 21st.

Ohio.

CLEVELAND.

Opera House (L. G. Hanna, manager): Fun on the Bristol and good houses last week. The co. is strong, well balanced and affords great amusement. Rice's Bijou Opera co. this week in Pirates of Penzance and Charity Begins at Home. 27th, The Galley Slave.

Academy of Music (John A. Elsler, manager): Fair house witnessed the production last week of Jarrett's Cinderella comb. The co. is a good one and gave general satisfaction. Some of the specialties were very fine. Fred. and Eva Vincent this week in a round of their best plays. Agnes Leonard 27th, 28th and 29th. Alvin Joslin 30th, 31st and Jan. 1.

Comique (B. C. Hart, manager): A new lot of variety people are announced for this week.

COLUMBUS.

Grand Opera House (Col. Theodore Morris, manager): 13th to 15th, Corinne Merriemakers in Magic Slipper, proved one of the nicest entertainments of the season, and should have had crowded houses. Salsbury's Troubadours drew fair houses 16th, 17th. Coming: Rose Eytinge 24th and Christmas in Rosa Michel, Macbeth and Led Astray; Mrs. Scott Siddons 31st and New Year's; Jarrett's Cinderella, Jan. 5, 6; Jefferson in Rivals, 14th.

Comstock's Opera House (Theodore Comstock, proprietor; Frank Comstock, business manager): 13th, 14th, Neil Burgess' Widow Bedott drew fairly. 7th, B., W., P. and W.'s Minstrels, to packed house. No wonder they come so often. Coming: Campbell's Galley Slave co. 24th and Christmas; Goodwin's Frolicques 27th and 28th; Criterion Comedy co. 31st and New Year's; All the Rage Jan. 3; Boston Ideal Opera co. 6th and 7th.

SPRINGFIELD.

Black's Opera House (Harman Tyner, manager): 16th, Barlow, Wilson, Primrose and West's Mammoth Minstrels, to an $800 house. Over three hundred people were turned away, unable to get seats before eight o'clock. The show was first class in every respect. Criterion Comedy co., 27th.

Items: Mr. J. West, press agent B., W., P. and W.'s Minstrels, was registered at the Lagonda House last week.—Mr. George B. Hudson, representing Rose Eytinge, who appears 22d, was in town last Wednesday.—Dan Hanchet and Miss Teal arrived here 16th. They assist in the presentation of Damon and Pythias at Opera House 20th.

New Jersey.

NEWARK.

Park Theatre: 13th, Burdette lectured to a good house. 14th and 15th, Gus Williams to large audience. Booked: 24th and 25th and matinee, Lester Wallack in Ours, with John Gilbert, Effie Germon and others of his co.; 27th, Thalia Theatre co. in Fatimitza; 28th, 29th and 30th, Hoey and Hardie's Child of the State; 31st and Jan. 1, Our Gentlemen Friends.

Grand Opera House: Booked: 27th, 28th and 29th, Hyde and Behman's Comedy co. open their season; 30th, Joseph H. Keane.

Newark Opera House: 20th and week, Mlle. Zoe in French Spy. Variety list: Irene and Louis Kline, Moore Sisters, Mamie Farrell, Smith and Leopold, Sam Houldsworth, Campbell Sisters, Harry Cerini and George Leslie. Business and the show continue excellent.

Mulberry Street Theatre: 20th and week, olio; Carrie Lewis, May Arnot, the Delmannings, Verona Carroll, The Rickerts; also a drama.

Metropolitan: 20th and week, Pearl Gray and W. T. Stephens in Saved from the Storm, and variety.

Nebraska.

OMAHA.

Academy (D. A. Griffin, manager): 15th and 16th, Ellis' Oaken Heart, to small business. It is very bad. 17th, Frank Mayo opens for two nights and matinee. Gulick-Blaisdell Attraction No. 4, Arabian Night, is booked for 24th and 25th, and will draw large houses. Somebody's Uncle Tom will afflict us during the holidays.

St. Elmo (John Nugent, proprietor): Can hardly accommodate the crowds. New faces every week.

Items: To-day (16th) the management of the Academy changed hands, Mr. D. A. Griffin stepping down and out, and Mr. S. T. Mealio assuming that responsible position. While your correspondent has no word of fault to find with Mr. Griffin—being always treated courteously, for the sake of THE MIRROR—he is glad to welcome so competent a manager as Mr. Mealio. He is a gentleman who thoroughly understands the duties required of him, and will spare no pains to give first-class entertainments. Mr. Griffin and Mr. Nugent have bought a variety theatre at Council Bluffs, just across the river, and are meeting with great success.—Claude De Haven is in town arranging for Arabian Night.

Nevada.

CARSON CITY.

Carson Opera House (John T. Preddey, manager): The Milton Nobles comb. gave the Phœnix 11th. Mr. Nobles' agent, owing to a too ardent wooing of "the rosy," had neglected his business, and no bill-posting or advertising were done until the 9th, when Mr. N. attended to these important matters himself. Nevertheless, the audience was a large one, and the play was well received. Macallister the Magician is booked one week, commencing Jan. 17. It is a "gift" performance.

Pennsylvania.

PITTSBURG.

Library Hall (W. W. Fullwood, manager): One Hundred Wives was given during the past week to fair and appreciative audiences. This week, Salsbury's Troubadours. 27th, Denman Thompson in Joshua Whitcomb.

Opera House (Jno. A. Ellsler, manager): Nat Goodwin's Froliques held the boards last week, business averaging from good to fair. This week, Chas. L. Davis. 27th, Tony Denier's Pantomime Comb.

Fifth Avenue Lyceum (Jno. Ellsler, manager): Col. J. Franklin Warner will speculate with his "Yankee Comedy" at this house for five nights and two matinees, commencing 21st. In addition to the before-mentioned comedy, several specialty stars are announced.

Williams' Academy (H. W. Williams' manager): Gilmore and Benton's consolidated shows give a good entertainment, though at times the acrobatic features predominate, and remind one more of a circus than a variety performance. The week's business was very large. This week's company is quite a large one.

Tivoli Garden (Wm. F. Stuetz, manager): Business has been good.

Vierheller's Garden (Henry Vierheller, manager): Charley Benedict is back at this house, and as a result there is lots of fun. A fair variety bill is offered, and business has averaged good.

WILKESBARRE.

Music Hall (M. H. Burgunder, manager): 14th, Howard's Uncle Tom co., to good house. 15th, Mme. Rentz's Minstrels, fair business. This co. is very inferior to the Rentz Santley party. 16th, The Favorites in Long Branch, to good house; a most excellent performance.

Item: Alice Oates was to have rejoined The Favorites here, but owing to sickness was unable to do so. Gertie Granville assumed the leading part, and acquitted herself most creditably, every one being delighted with her.—C. R. Gardiner was in town with The Favorites.—T. W. Keene will come Jan. 1.

READING.

Academy of Music (John D. Mishler, manager): 15th, John M. Stephens in select readings, to large audience. 18th, Catherine Lewis and The Favorites, to good house. 17th, Kate Thayer and Spanish Students, to fair business. Booked: 23d, Robson and Crane; 25th, Sanford's Pantomime co.; 28th, T. W. Keene; 30th, George S. Knight; Jan. 6, J. K. Emmet; 8th, Gus Williams.

Grand Opera House (George M. Miller, manager): 20th, Prof. Hartz and a select co. of specialty artists for six nights, including matinee Christmas afternoon. Coming: 27th, Salsbury Troubadours in The Brook; 28th, Fun on the Rail co.; Jan. 1, Union Square Comedy co.; 8th, Remenyi Concert co.

HARRISBURG.

Opera House (Markey & Till, managers): 11th, Bijou Opera co., to slim house. 16th, Kate Thayer Concert co., to one of the largest houses of the season. Miss Thayer and the Spanish Students scored a grand success. Booked: Chanfrau, 20th; Robson and Crane, 22d; Haverly's Widow Bedott, 23d; John A. Stevens, 25th; T. W. Keene, 27th; the Knights, 29th; Helen Potter's Pleiades, 30th.

WILLIAMSPORT.

Academy of Music (William G. Elliott, proprietor): 15th, Kate Thayer and Curti's Spanish Students, to a fair-sized audience. Miss Thayer acquitted herself in the most creditable manner, receiving encore after encore. Herrietta Maurer and the Students were also highly appreciated and applauded. 17th, Charlottte Thompson in The Planter's Wife, to a good sized audience. The co. is good throughout.

BRADFORD.

Wagner's Opera House (Wagner & Reis, managers): 13th, Our Gentlemen Friends played to poor business. 20th, The Long Branch comb. drew fair house. Haverly's Widow Bedott is booked for the 28th. Rose Eytinge will open in Akron, O., 27th, under management of Wagner & Reis, and close her engagement in Bradford Jan. 1.

Gem Theatre (W. J. Cain, proprietor; C. H. McDonald, business manager): Prof. John Reynolds opened week's engagement 20th. Other new arrivals same day: Lillie Ellis, Kelley and Haley, the Fontainbleau Family, James Hearne, Mary Rice, Dan. Gussie and Baby Hart.

Items: Mr. Beecher lectured in the M. E. Church 15th, to a large audience.

ALLENTOWN.

Academy of Music (B. J. Hagenbuch, proprietor): 14th, Jane Coombs, in Lady of Lyons, to full house. 15th, The Favorites, to good house. 17th, Rentz Minstrels drew a full house. 25th, Kate Thayer and the Spanish Students. 30th, Thomas W. Keene, supported by Henrietta Vaders.

Items: Many thanks to Mr. C. R. Gardiner for courtesies.—Thomas F. Shea, advance agent for Robson and Crane, was here attending to the billing of the co. He is a perfect gentleman, and made many friends.

EASTON.

Able's Opera House (William M. Shults, manager): 13th, Charlotte Thompson appeared in the Planter's Wife, to a fine audience, and although too ill to act, acquitted herself with great credit. 16th, Mrs. Howard presented Uncle Tom's Cabin. 21st, T. W. Keene.

Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE.

Opera House (George Hackett, manager): Fred Paulding to poor business 13th. His reception during the week was marked by constant applause, and he was compelled to appear before the curtain at every act. Soldene Opera co. 17th, to poor business. Coming: 20th, 21st, 22d, M. B. Curtis in Jessop's Sam'l of Posen; 23d, Daly's Fifth Avenue co. in Our First Families.

Low's Opera House (Wm. H. Low, Jr., manager): Deacon Crankett 13th to 16th, to fair houses. Coming: 20th, H. B. Mahn's Opera co. in Boccaccio; 23d, The Harrisons.

Theatre Comique (Hopkins & Morrow, managers): Fair business. Annie and Andy Hughes; Billy Chase and Griffin in the farce Siamese Twins. 20th, Donnelly and Drew, Lynn Sisters, Weston Bros., Sailor West, Miss Mary Zoel, Dan McCarthy, J. C. Carroll, Lew Spencer.

Tennessee.

MEMPHIS.

Leubrie's Theatre (Joseph Brooks, manager): 13th, 14th, Rentz-Santley Novelty co., usual performance to good houses. 15th, Collier's Banker's Daughter opened for three nights and matinee. The co. created a fine impression and met with good business.

Item: The Tagliapietra Italian Opera co., under management of Grau, were stranded here and baggage attached for debts contracted in Texas. Mr. Lon Leubrie interested himself in their behalf, giving a concert at Greenland Opera House. About $200 were realized, but not being enough to get them off a purse was made up amongst our citizens, and they were all sent eastward 17 with exception of Tagliapietra, who joined French's Opera co. in New Orle

Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE.

Grand Opera House (Jacob Nunnemacher, manager): Closed for the past week; opens 20th with the Boston Ideal Opera co. in Fatimitza, Bells of Corneville and Mascotte, followed by Hall's Strategists, 3 nights. New Year's week, Corinne's stupid Makers in Cinderella.

Adelphi Theatre (Warren Swetland, proprietor): Large audiences and good bill. Hulmes and Malcom, Gymnasts; Charles and Gertie Seamons are splendid sketch artists, and sing most pleasing songs; the Ripleys are good acrobats; new people every week.

Favorite Theatre (John Slensby, proprietor): Doing a good business. Fannie Roberts, Lillie Carroll and Josie Martelle warble pleasant music for the boys; Lester and Williams are two good men and do their little acts very neatly; McGlone and Lacy, clever Irish artists; Caddie Wright and William Wolfe, in a lively sketch, Peanuts; Charles and Lillie Carroll as the Happy Old Couple, quite amusing; new people every week. John Slensby is well liked by the profession as being a "square" manager.

Canada.

HAMILTON.

Grand Opera House (J. R. Spackman, manager): 13th and 14th, Stevens' Uncle Tom, to good houses. 16th, Rive-King Concert co. delighted a fair audience. 17th and 18th, George Fawcett Rowe and co. in The Guv'nor and Wilkins Micawber, to good business.

Academy of Music (Joseph Kneeshaw, manager): 13th, Leavitt Specialty co., to fair house. 15th, Popular Dramatic co. in Streets of New York, to standing room only. 14th, Denman Thompson did not favor us, owing to sickness of Julia Wilson.

TORONTO.

Grand Opera House (A. Piton, manager): 13th and 14th, Nick Roberts' Humpty Dumpty comb., to fair business; show good. 15th, to end of week, Den Thompson, to good houses. 20th, George Fawcett Rowe.

Royal Opera House (J. C. Conner, manager): House closed first four nights. 17th and 18th, Rive King Concert co.; business very large. Pronounced to be the best concert that has ever visited this city. 20th, Charles H. Drew's Comic Opera co.

NEW YORK MIRROR

FOUNDED IN 1822 BY GEORGE P. MORRIS AND N. P. WILLIS.

THE ORGAN OF THE THEATRICAL MANAGERS AND DRAMATIC PROFESSION OF AMERICA.

HARRISON GREY FISKE, EDITOR.

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 25, 1880.

Mirror Letter-List.

Adrien Rose	Knight, Geo
Abbott, Emma (2)	Kidder, E. E.
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Barnes, W. D. (3)	Lunt, Joseph O.
Belden, Clara	Lyon, Peter A.
Bonner, Robert	Lawrence, L. F.
Belmont, Grace	Lafayette, Ruby
Brown, Tom	Levanion, Alfred
Blythe, Helen	Leonard, John J.
Bassett, Chas.	Lamouse, Emma.
Blake, O. W.	Langdon, W. B.
Criterion Comb Agt.	Livingston, W. H.
Calice, Myron (3)	Luscelles, Emily
Callahan, James A.	Morrison, James
Correlli, Blanche	Miller, Joaquin
Costello, James	McCabe, T. F.
Clapham, Harry	Mills, Harry. (2)
Carina, Mme.	Marston, E. W. (5) telg
Callender, Manager	Mackay, F. F. (2)
Cody, William F.	McCullough, John (3)
Cavendish, Ada	Murphy, Joseph
Clarke, Harry	McKay, Andy
Church, Edw. A.	McDonald, Phil A.
Chambers, Augusta	McDonough, Tom
Conner, Capt.	McDonough, J. E.
Cruvelli, Signor	Montgomery, Mr.
Curti, Carlo	Mordaunt, Miss M.
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Drew, Frank N.	Obermiller, Louise
D'Arcy, Hugh	Owen, Geo E.
De Free, Maurice	Pease, Harry
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Egbert, Annie	Prescott, Marie
Evelyn, Carlotta	Price, Edwin
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Griffin, Dr. Hamilton	Roberts, Richard E.
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Gillette, Will.	Stone, Alonzo.
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Jackson, J. E.	Woodtnorpe, Georgie
James, W. St. G.	Wetherill & Pratt
Jackson, Minnie	Whiteneck, W. H.
Kemble, Frances.	Wilkes, George
Kenyon Lida	

The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR *is on sale every Thursday noon at all the news stands in this city, and in out of town places as soon thereafter as can be reached by mail and express.*

A Merrie Christmas and the Christmas Mirror.

To all our readers—that is to say, to the whole dramatic and musical profession, in all its departments—we heartily extend the compliments of the holiday season. Not only do we wish a Merrie Christmas to all, but we assist to make it merrie by providing for our readers such a Christmas entertainment as no dramatic newspaper has ever offered before. Never, since the good old days when the graceful fancies of N. P. Willis and the sweet poetry of George Morris adorned its pages, has THE MIRROR been crowded with such bright and pleasant reading. Actresses and actors, critics and poets, managers and journalists, have kindly overwhelmed us with wise and witty articles, so that THE MIRROR, this week, is like a Christmas surprise party, at which all enjoy themselves and each one brings some pleasant contribution to the feast. From the title page, which our special artist has adorned with an admirable engraving, "The Mirror of the Season," to the last pages, which leading professionals have more than filled with attractive advertisements, the CHRISTMAS MIRROR will be found even more delightful than we modestly promised in our announcement last week.

The progress of the paper since the beginning of the New Series has been without parallel in the history of journalism. THE MIRROR was accepted by the profession as the accredited organ of the managers and actors, and it has held this proud position undisputed. The public also accepted it as a clean, correct and authoritative representative of theatrical art and business, and in these respects THE MIRROR has never yet had a rival. During the year that is just closing our circulation has increased threefold—an unprecedented fact in newspaper annals. We have always declined to make THE MIRROR either a scandalous or an aggressive journal, but we have always had the courage of our opinions, and whenever we have been forced into a contest THE MIRROR has won its battle and divided with the profession the honors of the victory. In every controversy and upon every subject we have had the unanimous endorsement and unhesitating support of the entire profession, for whom and in whose interests we conducted the campaign. With such a power behind it, and speaking as the exponent of the sentiments of such a large, liberal, intelligent and influential body of popular favorites, no wonder that THE MIRROR is equally invincible and invulnerable. This, therefore, is a very Merrie Christmas to us, and we trust that it may be so to everybody else.

With our next Number, beginning the year 1881, a new Volume of THE MIRROR commences. The success of the CHRISTMAS MIRROR has been so great, the amount of extra reading matter and of extra advertisements placed at our disposal has been so large, and the advance orders for this Number have been so numerous, that we intend to issue a NEW YEAR'S MIRROR, equally attractive in its contents and presenting equal advantages to readers and advertisers. With the New Volume thus inaugurated, the price of THE MIRROR will be Ten Cents a number; the subscription price Four Dollars a year. We need scarcely remind those concerned that one of the most acceptable holiday presents to any actor or actress is a paid-up subscription to THE MIRROR for the coming year. Nor are such subscriptions less agreeable to our Publisher, who values one regular subscriber as equal to five casual purchasers, although the money received is so much less. Our readers will bear us out in the statement that we have never made money our principal object in issuing this paper. While every other journal increased its price THE MIRROR has been supplied to the profession upon the same terms as when first issued, although we have increased its size, improved its contents and appearance, and spared no pains or expense to make it the best and handsomest of the weeklies. That we fix the price for the ensuing year at Ten Cents is in the main part due to the generosity of the public and the profession.

Those who know anything of the cost of producing such a paper as THE MIRROR are already aware that the amount of money we receive from our agents, the American News Company, for each copy, is exceeded by the amount we pay for the blank paper and the composition. Our advertisers, therefore, have hitherto borne all the other expenses of THE MIRROR and given us the legitimate business profit which we have enjoyed. The immense increase in our circulation, therefore, while unquestionably profitable to the profession, has been to us a unique kind of pleasure, since the more copies we circulated the more the cost of producing them exceeded the price paid for them; but our advertisers have rallied to our assistance, and the increase in that department has kept pace with the increase of circulation. Now, when the whole profession is prosperous we have decided that the circulation shall hereafter return us its own just proportion of profits. This is not only sound business, policy but it is justified by the experiment we have made with the CHRISTMAS MIRROR. The circulation of the Number we issue to-day, at Ten Cents a copy, is much larger than any previous issue of our paper. The advance orders for it, from the American News Company and by mail, are extraordinary. A distinguished journalist put the case in a nutshell when he said, "Having given the profession a Ten Cent paper for Five Cents, you will find that everybody will be willing to pay you the full price for it now, especially if you make it worth Twenty Cents." This epigram predicts our policy. In the future, as in the past, we shall endeavor to improve THE MIRROR in every possible manner, from week to week, and it shall always be, as it always has been, worth double the money.

But we shall no longer detain you with this business talk from the stories, poems and sketches with which our Christmas company have illuminated our columns. A Merrie Christmas to All, and Many of Them!

"The Mirror of the Season."

The first sixteen weeks of the present season, which have just passed, are surrounded with a brilliancy that has not been equaled in many years. The splendid outlook at the beginning of the theatrical campaign, which was prophesied in THE MIRROR, has been more than justified, and managers and actors alike unite in toasting the departing form of old 1880 as the very merriest and happiest year they've met in their recollection; merry in prosperity, happy in successes. Deserving managers have made money, and capable actors have helped them do it. Only the best of sentiments are cherished toward the departing year, whose joys have been many and whose disappointments have been few.

Our artist in his cartoon on the first page of THE MIRROR has depicted with a graphic pencil the story of the year, which is told so well that it speaks plainly for itself. However, a few words of comment may not be out of place. The idea of the picture is explained in its title—"The Mirror of the Season." Before a Page, who is holding THE MIRROR in such a manner as to reflect the figures passing in front, files a motley procession made up of all the striking theatrical successes of 1880. We will go back, like the crab, to the very end of the train and review them individually, before they have time to cross over the line into 1881. Away up at the top floats the golden Dragon of Revels, with the fair Topsy Venn, in the dress of St. George, held fast in his jaws. Fortunately, all of us know, who have seen the sprightly burlesque performed by the Rice Surprise Party at Haverly's, that the Dragon's bite is carefully made harmless by the worker in papier-mache, and Miss Venn is quite sure to come down as soon as the curtain drops, quite safe from his apparently ferocious clutches. Next, ladies and gentlemen, we will pass on to the two male figures at the top of the picture indicated by our pointer. They have just come from a game at Lawn-Tennis, and are already attired for the Man-Tamer's Club, where they intend to repair immediately, and aid in giving us a capital travesty on the prevailing rage among fashionable folk for bric-a-brac and household decorative art. Don't be suprised at the sober aspect of Messrs. Barton and Bell—they are intent in watching the "business" of Daniel Mulligan and Rebecca Allup, who are talking about the neat sum they will divide between them at the close of the year. The Mulligan Nominee intends running for President next election, and—but we are anticipating; let us return to our picture. Mr. Steele Mackaye, in the garb of Dunstan Kirke, stands conspicuously to the left of Messrs. Harrigan and Hart. He is not in the procession, it may be noted. This is because all his time is occupied in changing the figures on the Hazel Kirke bulletin-board. A number of ciphers lie conveniently about his feet, and we shouldn't be at all surprised if he won't be obliged to place some of them on the right of the numbers already displayed. Who's this? Tony Pastor? Yes, there can be no possible mistake as to whom those smiling features, that Napoleonic moustache, the expanse of shirt bosom, the diamond headlight and crush-hat belong. No picture of our genial friend Tony would be complete without the latter accompaniment, and that's the reason our artist etched him with the immortal opera hat in full view. "Isn't that Clara Morris?" you say. Why not? It's quite proper that she should follow Robson and Crane. They are emotional actors and she's an emotional actress. The only difference is in the sort of emotion each furnishes the public. Tears and laughter are very properly placed together. Miss Morris awakens sobbing chords in the public's breast—Robson and Crane vary them with Sharps and Flats. Salvini's arms are folded in a contemplative attitude, and he is thinking, polyglotively, of his Christmas maccaroni, and Italy and the enthusiasm over his Othello—and many other pleasant things. Just in front of the greatest tragedian of his time, Charles Thorne and Sara Jewett have paused for a moment, while Lea Henderson appeals to Daniel Rochat to go with her to the church. The public has not decided yet whether as a matter of ethics the artist ought or ought not to have accepted the situation. And now we arrive at a personage that may be simply an exclamation (!) point, on the one hand, but who probably is Sarah B. on the other. What a false alarm there was over this singular creature! How much we all expected, and how sadly our hopes were disappointed! Well, if Sarah B. is not a great actress she is nevertheless entitled to all the doubtful credit of having been the biggest gratuitously advertised person of the year. Sarah B. has not impressed us with her acting, but she has behaved herself like a trump since she has got acclimated, and has introduced a capital fashion in the gloves that she is just pulling on over her elbows. The folds of her dress form a background for Virginius (John McCullough), who is protecting his daughter (Kate Forsythe) from an imaginary Appius Claudius—somewhere off toward the left. John's genial face wears an expression which can be partly accounted for by his proximity to the tall Sycamore of the Seine directly behind him. John Gilbert and Mr. Elton, representing The Guv'nor, scarce need a passing word of comment. "Yer 'and, Guv'nor, yer 'and," is the cry of every happy member of the procession, whose friendly grasp betokens the prosperity of this prosperous season. Manager Haverly stands by himself, attending strictly to business, as usual. He is flying his nine balloons, and they are bobbing about all over with an activity truly delightful. Slip out of his hands? No, sir—not one of 'em. His grasp is too certain, and his solidity too well assured, to be disturbed by ninety big Enterprises—much less nine. Frederick Paulding has been passed over in our hasty review. He carries a wager in his hand to the editor of THE MIRROR, who has won a bet from Manager Smart that his star would be represented in the cartoon.

"Who is this down in the right-hand corner?" asks somebody. We had almost forgotten him.

That's Brother Abbey, a theatrical manager of New York. He is hieing away in monastic garb with the Passion Play, that nobody wants but himself, tightly hugged to his bosom. We haven't discovered his destination, but it is probably some ecclesiastic retreat in which he will eat his Christmas dinner and drink a mighty draught of good liquor to the continued life, wealth and prosperity of the NEW YORK MIRROR. He is included in "The Mirror of the Season," but we don't know that there is anything significant in his separation from the procession of successes.

PERSONAL.

CAMPANINI.—Signor Campanini is a constant attendant at the Salvini performances.

POLK.—Joe Polk showed himself on the Square Tuesday.

MEECH.—Harry Meech, of Buffalo, has been in town for the past week.

CELLIER.—Alfred Cellier is at work composing the music for Earl Marble's Maud.

KNOWLES.—Edwin F. Knowles will join Campbell's Galley Slave company this week, playing the Baron.

THORNE.—Edwin Thorne is making a number of radical improvements in his country seat at Tom's River.

COMIQUE.—The labby of the Comique has been decorated with greens and things for the Christmas holidays.

NEW YEAR.—A number of professional ladies, whose duties will permit, are to receive on New Year day.

COGHLAN.—Rose Coghlan was heartily welcomed back to the stage by her numerous friends on Monday last.

HICKS.—Charles Hicks, the business agent for Stetson, is an amiable gentleman, and a thorough man of business.

LAWRENCE.—Atkins Lawrence is coming to the front. His Huon in the play of Love is a careful piece of acting.

BACKUS.—Now Charles styles himself, on the play-bills of the San Francisco Opera House, "Signor Salvini Backus."

GEISTINGER—Marie Geistinger, the German actress, is said to be a first-class artiste, with a profusion of diamonds.

HOLLAND.—E. M. Holland, formerly of Wallack's, and now in England, is proving himself a comedian of merit.

CANE.—The members of Kit Clarke's troupe recently made him the recipient of a handsome gold-headed cane.

CARTE.—D'Oyly Carte's American agent is keeping a good look out for any infringement of Farnie's version of Olivette.

SOLDENE.—The Soldene Comic Opera troupe opened at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, on Monday night.

PALMER.—Manager Palmer occupied a box at Booth's Saturday night, with a party of friends including Annie Louise Cary.

LEWIS.—Catherine Lewis, who is to play the part of Olivette at the Bijou, is putting in a good deal of hard work at rehearsals.

RICHARDSON.—Professor Locke Richardson is making a success of his Shakesperian Readings at the Union League Theatre.

MARBLE.—The bright little poem by Edward Marble, dramatic critic of the Boston *Sunday Budget*, which will be found in this week's MIRROR, will attract notice. This gentleman is the author of an opera, Maud, which will shortly be presented.

MCDONOUGH.—John E. McDonough plays the part of Yuba Bill in the Child of the Sierras. He gives it a strong dramatic flavor.

DON.—Laura Don has made a success as Portia, in San Francisco. The critics award her lavish praise for her acting in the part.

COWELL.—Sydney Cowell's Christmas Sermon is a true story, the narration of which has never found its way into print before.

FLORENCE.—W. J. Florence is going to spend the winter in Italy. He will appear in the spring at the Gaiety Theatre, London.

BOSTONESE.—The Bostonese at the Park Monday night brought a regular Hub East-wind with them that chilled Yorick's Love.

HARRIGAN.—Ed. Harrigan laughs at the very idea of his wanting anything else besides the Mulligans to tide him over Christmas.

HUMPTY DUMPTY.—This time-honored affair is now being played at Niblo's and the Windsor, and holiday folks may choose for themselves.

THANKS.—The actors fervently thank Heaven that Christmas Day falls on Saturday this year, and consequently there will be no extra holiday matinee.

WAINWRIGHT.—Marie Wainwright, of Barrett's company, has grown prettier than ever. What is better, she has improved correspondingly in her acting.

BECKETT.—Harry Beckett's widow has, it appears, been left in poverty. Here is a chance for the professionals who knew Beckett and loved him as a brother.

BOOTH.—Londoners are now fully aroused as to the merits of Edwin Booth's Richelieu. They won't admit that Booth's Hamlet beats Irving's, but they give in to his Richelieu.

ROSENFELD.—Last week we erred in stating that Sydney Rosenfeld's Mystic Isle was a burlesque extravaganza. The author asks us to inform our readers that is is an opera.

HARRISON.—Maude Harrison, who is playing her original part of Florence St. Vincent Brown in the Banker's Daughter, will take her benefit at the Union Square to-night (Dec. 23).

WALLACK.—Arthur Wallack is now the acting stage manager in place of William Floyd. Arthur will take a prominent part in the management of Wallack's new theatre.

WINTER.—What is the matter, William? There was no notice in the *Tribune*, Friday, of Mary Anderson's Parthenia, and not a line Saturday morning about Salvini's Hamlet.

PERCY.—Townsend Percy, of the *Star*, is going to try his hand at it again. He has a new play on the *tapis*. Just now he is busily engaged in revising his Dictionary of New York.

CLARKE.—Kit Clarke dropped in at THE MIRROR office Monday, with the startling intelligence that the "Rentz-Santley party is doing the best business of all Leavitt's organizations."

COGHLAN.—Charles Coghlan has made a translation of the Italian play, La Morte Civile, which was played by Salvini last Saturday night. It will shortly be produced in London.

DE BELLEVILLE.—Frederick de Belleville is making his mark as a leading actor. As De Carojac, in the Banker's Daughter, his manly presence and excellent elocution find favor with the public.

PASTOR.—Tony looks so jolly we should almost think he had been preparing himself for a Christmas gift. He is doing an excellent business now, but expects to rake in greater receipts during the holidays.

TEARLE.—Osmond Tearle has shown his cleverness by his assumption of two such widely contrasted characters as the stuttering Freddy Butterscotch in The Guv'nor, and the English gentlemen, Sir Horace Welby in Forget Me-Not.

ALDRICH.—Louis Aldrich, while in Syracuse last week, slipped upon the ice and badly injured the tendons and ankle of his right leg. He has not missed a performance, for the reason, as he expresses it, that there's "too much money every night in My Partner to stop it at all."

PROFESSIONAL DOINGS.

—Bernhardt's receipts for her thirteen Boston performances aggregated something over $49,000—so it is given out.

—Bartley Campbell's Galley Slave company will play at Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre January 17.

—Manager Comstock informs THE MIRROR by letter that business has been unusually good this season over his circuit.

—Fanny Davenport is playing through the South at present. She has successfully tried the experiment of increasing the scale of prices at the theatres in which she plays.

—Manager Henderson has arranged for the presentation of Ettie Henderson's successful play, Almost a Life, in Paterson, Christmas day and night. A company, under the same manager, will produce Led Astray in the same town New Year's night.

—The Houston *Daily Telegram*, an acknowledged authority on all dramatic matters in Texas says, in a late issue: "Late files of the NEW YORK MIRROR have been placed on our table, and we are pleased to see a continued improvement in every department of this only reliable authority on all questions relating to music and the drama, published in the United States. Patrons of the theatre should keep themselves posted by reading the MIRROR weekly."



Mr. Lawrence Barrett has been playing Yorick's Love for some time about the country, and there was considerable curiosity manifested in its production Monday night at the Park. It cannot be chronicled as a success, neither can it be written down as a failure, but only that doubtful praise may be awarded which authors and actors consider the equivalent of a sound damning.

The play is an adaptation of a drama by a living Spanish author, Estabanez, but it may be said to betray little, if any, source of its origin. A piece, founded on the same work, was produced several seasons ago by Augustin Daly at the Fifth Avenue theatre, when it was proved a pronounced *fiasco* and enjoyed but a few representations. The version employed by Mr. Barrett is from the pen of W. D. Howell, the accomplished editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The plot of the story, as told by the author in the house-bill, runs as follows:

The time of the play is in the days of Shakespeare. Yorick, the comedian of the Globe Theatre, is married to Mistress Alice, the leading lady at the same play-house, who is a very beautiful woman, and much his junior. His foster son, Edmund, also an actor, who owes everything in life to Yorick, falls in love with Alice, and she returns that affection. Walton, the leading actor of the Globe, discovers their love, and, being jealous of Yorick professionally, concludes to acquaint him with the state of affairs. Master Haywood, the manager of the theatre, also has noticed that the two have fallen in love, and endeavors to keep the knowledge from Yorick. Master Woodford has written a play in which the chief characters are a loving husband, a faithless wife, and an ungrateful ward. These characters are taken by Yorick, Mistress Alice and Master Edmund, and gradually the truth is unfolded until the end of the play. The last act is on the stage at the Globe Theatre, and during the scene, Walton hands Yorick a letter written by Edmund to Alice. Yorick becomes infuriated, and in the fencing scene actually kills Edmund.

This, it will be seen, gives the dramatist an excellent opportunity to introduce a number of strong and telling scenes. He has taken full advantage of his subject, but Mr. Howell, in rendering the play into English, has caused it to lose much of its power and strength. He has got but an indistinct idea of the language as spoken in Shakespeare's time, and his endeavor to clothe commonplace, colloquial dialogue in grandiloquent speech, is at once incongruous and amusing. Mr. Howell has little knowledge of dramatic construction, and this again detracts from his subject. The four acts are loose and rambling, the prosiness of the dialogue, together with a lack of proper sequence, making them exceedingly disjointed. A dramatist's first aim should be compactness, and a novice in play-making is only too apt to neglect this necessary requisite, especially when adapting a piece from another language. Mr. Howell's ignorance of the technicalities and details of the stage are the only excuse that can be offered for the faults alluded to. Another mistake he makes is in showing his hand too early in the evening. Before the second act is finished the spectator divines all that is coming by the too palpable preparation made by the dramatist for that which follows. The desirability, too, of placing the argument of such a play as Yorick's Love on the programme is questionable. If its story is so complicated as to necessitate a printed explanation we are inclined to think that life is too short to throw away an entire evening upon a dramatic puzzle—so we would be quite satisfied to slip quietly out of the theatre and read over the play-bill, certain that we know about as much of the play as the less sensible man who sits it out. If, however, the plot is made public in advance in order to give us an opportunity to focus our whole attention upon the language of the author, then it is an entirely different matter. But neither condition applies to Yorick's Love, and therefore it was most unwise to publish a synopsis of the story. For the drama is not complicated, and the language doesn't stand the examination of the microscopic critic. The scene in which Master Haywood discovers Edmund and Alice together, and forces them to tell their story, is really treated in a novel manner. The erring wife and the ardent lover make their confession in a series of broken responses, that a writer on one of our morning contemporaries naively characterizes as a "litany." Yorick talks entirely too much to invite sympathy for his wrongs, and his verbosity prevents the true force of the scenes in which he appears from being brought out. Yorick's Love may read well in the closet, but it acts badly on the boards of a theatre.

There was a peculiar æsthetic atmosphere hanging over the auditorium Monday evening, quite foreign to the Park. This was accounted for when it was learned that a detachment of Boston blue-stockings had made a pilgrimage beyond the limits of their intellectual Commonwealth, in order to witness the effect upon a concourse of benighted New York theatre-goers, the author's theatrical endeavor. They behaved very well although they could not understand the apathy which greeted their fellow-citizen's effort. The rest of the audience was bored—and showed it.

The real interest of the evening centered in the reappearance of Lawrence Barrett. This gentleman has been absent from our city four years, during which time he has been distinguishing himself among our out-of-town cousins. His welcome was most generous, and it was some moments after he first appeared upon the stage that the applause subsided sufficiently to allow of his proceeding. There is an earnest conscientiousness about everything that Mr. Barrett does—no matter how faulty—which compels admiration. It was this that won him popularity in Jarrett and Palmer's notable revival of Julius Cæsar at Booth's, when the late E. L. Davenport played Brutus, Frank Bangs acted Marc Antony, and he himself was cast for Cassius. Barrett has certain mannerisms and natural defects which mar everything he attempts. His peculiarly nasal pronounciation, rapid enunciation, and quavering inflections (which marked Macready's acting), stamp him indelibly with his own individuality—an individuality from which he never succeeds in freeing himself. He rattled through Yorick's lines at a break-neck pace, and were it not for the striking distinctness with which he invests each word, it would have been difficult for the spectator to have kept pace with him. The essentially stirring scenes were rendered with intensity by Mr. Barrett, but the fact that he was hampered by a poor playing part militated much against his success.

Louis James overacted the part of Edmund. His make up was most unbecoming and his action too melodramatic. Frederick Bock was acceptable as Master Haywood, giving the character a quietly effective performance. Mr. F. Mosley as Master Walton was amateurish, especially in the least important passages. Charles Plunkett supplied a very light vein of comedy in the person of a fussy dramatic author. Marie Wainwright has improved since we saw her with Rignold's six other Juliets at Booth's, some years ago. She played the part of Alice sympathetically. The costumes were appropriate and handsome—the scenery done in excellent style, although some of it was not used for the first time.

The *cafe* and smoking room that Mr. Abbey has annexed to the lobby of the Park is a convenient and handsome affair. It is a great institution for the critics, who gathered there in force Monday night, in the *entr'actes*, to gossip about the actors and the play.

Forget-Me-Not, produced at Wallack's on Monday, is a strong society melodrama of powerful interest. It is in three acts, but the story is worked out in one scene—an apartment in a palace in Rome. The piece made a good impression on the London public, and it is likely to capture the New York play-goers. It is certain that the audience at Wallack's was captured. The setting was magnificent, the dresses elegant and appropriate, and the acting almost perfect. The plot of the drama is simple, but the dialogue is crisp, witty and full of virility. Throughout, the representation was remarkably strong, and withal smooth and pleasing.

The plot is by no means complicated, and the various scenes lead easily to the climax. Here is the story: Rose, Vicontesse de Brissac, a young widow; her sister, Alice Verney, and their friend and companion, Mrs. Foley, comprise a party of English tourists who are sojourning in Rome. Rose has a little child six weeks old, and is in delicate health, partially caused by the shock she received through the violent death of her husband, a young French nobleman whom she met and married in England. Sir Horace Welby, an Englishman who is in love with Alice, joins the family in Rome, intending to propose for her hand. Stephanie, Marquise de Mohrivart, an adventuress, who had married a man, now dead, but once the possessor of one of the worst names and best titles in Europe. This notorious woman determines to cast her early life behind her and re-enter society, and demands that Alice Verney shall introduce her as her best and dearest friend. To the horror of the family, Alice, while evidently in terror of the woman, consents to do so, and upholds her brazen impertinence in establishing herself as an inmate of the household. Sir Horace Welby recognizes her as a woman who, with her husband, was keeper of a gaming hell. But to all protestations Alice simply answers that she will, because she must do as this woman bids her. Neither the insults of Mrs. Foley, nor the unmasking of Stephanie by Sir Horace, drives her out; she coolly fences with them, and answers their attacks with brilliant impertinences. The truth is finally learned from Stephanie by Sir Horace. She is a much older woman than she looks: she was the mother of the boyish young nobleman who married Rose. According to Article 148 of the French codes the marriage of a man who is under twenty-five years of age is only legal with the consent of his parents. Such consent was not had, and, according to Article 153, if Stephanie shall within a year of such marriage, ask that it shall be set aside, it will be set aside, and Rose's child will be illegitimate. Only six weeks of the year remain. A bargain has been secretly made with Alice by which Rose should be kept in ignorance of this threatened danger until the time had passed, provided that Alice would countenance Stephanie's visit. To acquaint Rose with this state of affairs would kill her, as she is in most delicate health. Then begins an intellectual fight between Sir Horace and this adventuress to defeat her plans and compass her designs without making the matter public. But the shrewd woman is more than a match for the man, until he discovers the presence of a Corsican who has sworn a vendetta against Stephanie, and working on her fears of death at the hands of this man, she surrenders unconditionally. The finale shows Stephanie cowering away from the presence of the man who would assassinate her.

The piece is the joint production of Herman Merivale and F. C. Grove, and the authors are to be congratulated upon their work. The story is full of interest, the characters of the play are skilfully drawn, while the incidents are so simply natural as to command the deepest attention. While no one could give a moment's sympathy to Stephanie, the wicked Marquise de Mohrivart, yet there was a glamour thrown around the character by Miss Coghlan's acting, which made it terribly fascinating. Hard and cold as ice, wily and cunning as a serpent, maliciously cruel, smirched and tainted, a brilliant she devil, a thief, gambler, liar and hypocrite—Stephanie is all this; yet the audience was closely interested in her scheme to "get into society," and even at her discomfiture, in her peril, when almost paralyzed with fear, she totters from the palazzo, out of reach of the Corsican's vengeance—all through the play Stephanie is the cynosure of all eyes. She is an unlovely character, but we are compelled to watch her. She is selfishness incarnate, but we are fain to admire her; her rich luxuriance of deviltry is amusing; those pyrotechnic sallies of wit, her keen satire, and her pungent axiomatic thrusts at the weakness of individuals and society—all these were points of interest in the dramatic personation which the audience was not slow to discover and applaud.

The rising of the curtain upon the elegantly arranged apartment in the Roman palace was the signal for approval; then came the story, with its deep human interest, acted with ease and abandon by the principal performers; then the denouement, strikingly represented, all forming a living picture of beauty, intelligence, grace and power. Too much praise cannot be given to Osmund Tearle's Sir Horace Welby, the English gentleman, whose task it was to foil the satanic schemes of Stephanie and protect his sweetheart, Alice Verney, from her machinations. In the various scenes between Sir Horace and Stephanie the interest was admirably sustained. If Miss Coghlan was vivacious, dashing and scornful, he was equally cool, wary and courteous. He acted with marked ability and never forgot the character—a difficult one under the circumstances, that of a gentleman—which he was playing. Harry Edwards was charming as the Prince, and made love in the most approved princely style, the latest comer being always the chosen angel of his heart. The dialect of this part was well managed by the actor, and there was a good deal of the poetry of motion in his presentation. Stella Boniface, who played the part of Alice Verney, was scarcely aware of its demands. The intensity of the character was lost sight of by Miss Boniface. But it was not her fault. She ought not to have been cast for such a part. It is above and beyond her. It would be just as wise to cast Lotta as Hamlet as Stella Boniface for Alice Verney. Gerald Eyre had a small part, that of Barrato, but he made it tell, and his excellent make-up as a Papal police spy made him a striking figure in the play. Mme. Ponisi, as the English "respectable" cicerone, Mrs. Foley, acted in her usual creditable manner. The part of Rose was played nicely by Miss Elliott. A word more regarding Stella Boniface and Miss Coghlan. We have already said that the former was overweighted, but we do not mean to convey that her Alice Verney was not acted intelligently, but that there was lacking a full portrayal of all its deep feeling. Her love passages with Sir Horace were cold. Only once did she rise to the demands of the part, and this was when Stephanie advanced to kiss her. Nearly all her other movements were stagey and formal. We can scarcely imagine how any girl, even on the stage acting, could have received so unemotionally the tender, loving advances of a man so gentle as Sir Horace. The part certainly afforded her abundant opportunities for emotional display, which she failed to use. Now as to Miss Coghlan. While her rendering was full of vital force, there was wanting in her personation the dangerous subtlety which make such women as Stephanie stern factors in the world's misery and suffering. These are small matters, it might be urged, but the critical play-goer is offended by such incongruities in an otherwise perfect dramatic picture. Almost the same criticism may be applied to the stage setting. It was sumptuous enough. Such an apartment in a Roman palace is, we suppose, grandly imposing, but it struck us as so stately as to be unreal. It is no wonder that people in Rome get their humanity chilled out of them if their home interiors are as cold as Wallack's representation thereof. No wonder that Rose, the Viscountess de Brissac, was ill: it was marvelous that anybody could keep up a normal blood circulation in such a palace. On the whole, however, the company is capital and admirably selected for a representation of this great comedy-drama. That Mr. Wallack has scored a success is certain, whatever the future of the piece may be. Some of the lines of the play have the sparkle of champagne, though at times the dialogue is rough, rather than polished. Frequently sensational, the piece is consistent and strongly written. Mr. Wallack's sudden withdrawal of The Guv'nor raised the public expectation as to the merits of the piece he would substitute for it. This time they were not disappointed. Forget-Me-Not is likely to have a long run, if legal complications do not interfere.

Friday night Salvini played Hamlet to a large audience at Booth's. Although prepared to receive the tragedian's every effort with friendly applause, his performance of the character was not such as to arouse any enthusiasm. Judging from Salvini's other work, we should imagine that Hamlet is the weakest part he plays. Although his acting is marked in this, as in all characters, by intelligence, it is restricted by the quietly intellectual features of Shakspeare's most classic characterization, for Salvini is essentially a passionate and not a metaphysical actor. The public has become so accustomed to the Danish Prince as represented by Booth, that they will not be satisfied with a Hamlet that cannot be contemplated in the light of a severe mental study. It is the one play and part in the whole range of the drama that is popular for this reason. The task, therefore, of playing Hamlet to the complete satisfaction of our theatre goers is no simple one. Salvini's conception of the character does not materially differ from that of the German actor, Bandmann, who recently inflicted himself for a brief period upon us. A few minor details are carefully elaborated, but the general effect of the performance is that it is pitched in a too monotonous strain. The soliloquies were finely delivered, but they lacked in color as well as force. The scenes with the Ghost were probably better played than any others. The love and affection of Hamlet for the memory of his father was clearly shown in the reverential and tender manner in which he addresses the apparition. Some actors whom we have seen assume an attitude of superstitious fear in the presence of the Ghost that is as ridiculous as it is illogical. The play scene was done in the style that Macready affected. Salvini held the manuscript of the mimic play in his hand, and at the close, where the King exits in confusion, followed by the courtiers, he makes a picturesque effect by scattering the leaves in the air, on the words: "Now let the stricken deer go weep," etc. The closet scene was tamely done, and the innovation of simply imagining the pictures of Hamlet's uncle and father, which Henry Irving inaugurated, was seen to be less pleasing than the conventional method. The death was well managed, but Salvini is not a master of the small sword, his foiling being awkward, and by no means realistic. The great fault of the tragedian's Hamlet was its tediousness—the great merit its reposefulness. It is not an easy matter for an actor of Salvini's great power to repress a natural tendency to exaggerate, and it is worthy of note that not once throughout the evening did he give way to the temptation of making startling points in order to arouse an audience which sunk into a settled apathy before the second act was finished. Hamlet is not a part suited to Salvini, and he should incontinently shelve it.

The company, generally speaking, did no better work than in Othello. Shewell as the Ghost, Henry Crisp as Laertes, Leslie Gossin as Horatio, W. F. Owens as the Gravedigger, Mrs. Davenport as the Queen, and Ellie Wilton as Ophelia may be lumped together and dubbed worthy of favorable mention. The scenery was, of course, shabby, and modern rep covered furniture was used in the play.

And here let us give voice to the just complaint which is made on all sides against the orchestra at this establishment, which is the worst that we have ever heard in a first-class theatre. Aside from its utter incompetency the selections chosen by its leader: An "overture" by Schule, a "fantasie" by Bach, and the "Cujus Animam" from the Stabat Mater, are specimens caught at random of the "several choice selections"—as the bill had it—performed by Mr. Widmer's musicians. He evidently has designs upon Dr. Damorsch and Theodore Thomas.

Saturday night the bill was again changed, and Salvini appeared for the first time here in La Morte Civile (Civil Death). The audience was sparse in numbers, interest evidently being focussed in the production of Forget-Me-Not at Wallack's. Previous to the performance Mr. Shewell appeared before the curtain with a telegram from Henry Crisp's wife stating that her husband was ill and would be unable to appear. It was signed "Allie." Mr. Shewell stated that he would read the part of Dr. Palmieri, which Crisp was to have played.

La Morte Civile is a heavy play, ponderous in construction, strong in interest, and exceedingly talky. Whatever it may be in its Italian form by Signor Giacometti, clothed in its English garb it proved very wearisome. It is in five acts, and the dialogue is draggy in the extreme. The translation is almost literal and betrays a lamentable ignorance of English on the part of the translator. The following specimen of this brilliant incognito's work is found in the third act:

[illegible]

DON G. Is not the Doctor at home to-day?

[illegible]

DON G. I can do no less. Call that woman.

AG. At once. And when shall the scandal cease?

DON G. Quickly,

AG. So be it! (Exit.)

DON G. The scandal will increase, perhaps: that depends on the reply which Rosalie will give me; it is the commencement or the end of a drama. We shall see.

The story of the piece is not so complicated as the manner in which it is told. Conrad, the hero of the play, soon after his marriage to Rosalie and the birth of his daughter Ada, in a fit of passion has killed his wife's brother. The widow and orphan, left in misery by Conrad, who is sentenced to imprisonment for life, are cared for by Dr. Palmieri. Dr. Palmieri adopts Ada in place of a daughter he has lost, gives her the name of Emma, and receives Rosalie in his house as a governess. The intolerance of a malicious ecclesiastic, Don Gioacchino, brings trouble into Palmieri's dwelling. Don Gioacchino is convinced that Emma is the offspring of a *laiaison* between Dr. Palmieri and Rosalie, and he uses all means to drive the woman from her home. Treated with contempt by Dr. Palmieri, Don Gioacchino determines to be revenged. Fortune favors his plans, for Conrad, who by his sentence is dead to his wife and child, escapes from prison and finds a refuge in Don Gioacchino's abbey. The priest soon becomes aware of the true position of affairs, and urges Conrad to seek his family. Wishing to prevent Conrad from revealing to Emma that she is his child, Rosalie informs him that she is dead, and to keep him in ignorance of the truth proposes to fly with him to a foreign land. But Don Gioacchino undeceives the convict. A terrible struggle ensues between Conrad's desire to regain possession of Emma and his anxiety for the girl's welfare, which Dr. Palmieri urges him to entrust to his care. In a touching scene the father's good resolve, however, wins the victory; and in presence of his daughter, who unconscious of the relationship, bends over his prostrate form, he expires broken-hearted.

The part of Conrad is strongly outlined, and gives Salvini a chance to do some fine acting. The impassioned scenes of the piece were grandly done, but the gloomy uncertainty of the supporting company detracted from the star's conscientious efforts. The point where Conrad tells the story to Monsignor Gioachino was graphically illustrated, and evoked the only enthusiasm manifested by the audience during the evening. The death scene was capitally acted. Conrad may be set down as one of Salvini's best parts, but unless he gets a better translation of the play, and more satisfactory support, he cannot hope to achieve any success for it in America. Mr. Shewell read Dr. Palmieri's lines creditably, and Leslie Gosin and H. A. Weaver did something to redeem the rest of the cast respectively as Don Ferdinando and Monsignor Gioachino. Ellie Wilton was stilted and stagey as Rosalie, Conrad's wife, and Julia Stewart was too old to play the child Emma. The scenery was villainous, made up of patched wings and two or three broken-backed flats—old friends that revived forgotten memories of the early days of the theatre.

The present is the last week of Salvini's engagement. Monday night he repeated his magnificent performance of Othello. Wednesday evening he was announced to appear as Sullivan, Thursday, The Gladiator, and Saturday (farewell appearance), Othello. Next week Uncle Tom, with a sort of Passion Play accompaniment in the shape of band of camp-meeting shouters from the wilds of Thompson street, and an apotheosis at the end to send people away feeling happy and comfortable.

Thursday night Mary Anderson was greeted by a large audience on her appearance as Parthenia. Ingomar is a very stupid play, and its stupidity is intensified threefold when performed by such an incompetent company as that surrounding the young American star at the Fifth Avenue. There is no possible excuse for the resuscitation of such pieces as Ingomar and Evadne in these days, except when they serve to display the talents or the genius of an actor or actress who would be welcomed in any part or play. Salvini can play Ingomar, but Mary Anderson cannot play Parthenia; *ergo*, Salvini has an excellent reason for playing the one, while Mary Anderson has no possible excuse for playing the other. Stars and managers are not governed on all occasions, unfortunately, by ethical sentiments, and so the occasional cropping up of Ingomars and Evadnes must be calmly expected. Maria Lovell wrote Ingomar to suit the exigencies of a male star. The character of Parthenia, the Greek maiden, was intentionally made subservient to that of the Barbarian, and although the original of the part—Charlotte Vandenhoff—and others who have followed her have attained considerable success in it, there can be no question about its not being a strong role for any lady star. Miss Anderson does not give us a picture of the simple, unsophisticated girl, acting from impulse, as remarkable for ingenuousness as nobility of character. She presents a very different being from this, to our view. Her Parthenia is a mature woman, devoid of simplicity and girlish grace. Her first entrance is made with all the preparation and precision of a modern woman of the world entering a ball room. She preserves a jaded, melancholy appearance throughout the first act which ill befits the light hearted boyden

Marie Lowell describes. She seemingly bears the weight of some secret sorrow, or the settled grief of a disappointed love. There is, consequently, no contrast apparent when later she becomes possessed of the bold resolve that bears her in quest of her father's liberty. This passive indifference is only broken when now and then, as if spurned by a very natural feeling that she ought to do something, she "throws herself" (as we believe Miss Anderson herself expresses it) at the audience, and gets rid of a superfluous amount of pointless energy and physical force. This is not acting. The improvement that was expected, but which was not seen in Evadne, was quite as conspicuous by its absence in Parthenia. The old faults that she displayed when she first appeared in the character here, have not been eradicated; they have become more prominent. She has fallen, too, into the habit of distorting her countenance constantly, in an endeavor to portray by facial expression an unnecessary variety of emotions in a given space of time. A pretty mouth is thus rendered offensively noticeable by being put to too great service; a fair forehead begins to show habitual wrinkles from excessive frowns; arched eyebrows are obnoxious through excessive movement; and the faintest suspicion of premature crows-feet have crept in at the corners of her eyes. Because Miss Anderson has made money, and has become famous in the provinces, she should not be foolish enough to imagine that she has mastered an art, the elementary steps of which she has not passed. But judging from Miss Anderson's self-confidence, this is precisely the opinion that she holds. The truth of the matter is that when this young lady played her first engagement in New York she showed her audiences the limit of her capabilities. The crudities that were then looked upon with a friendly eye, and written of by friendly pens, were supposed to be the natural accompaniments of her youth and inexperience. But from the examples she has given us thus far during her present engagement at the Fifth Avenue, we must regretfully come to the conclusion that these were deep-seated blemishes, which neither time nor practice will eradicate. Miss Anderson's head has very naturally been turned by the injudicious praise of a too generous public and an indiscriminating out-of-town press. She has gone rapidly down the artistic hill, and unless she energetically puts on the brake of common sense, bones down to hard work, corrects the evils that have alloyed her acting since her debut, she will wake up some fine morning to find herself without the power to draw—even in the country, and realize that her position has been usurped by some less ephemeral aspirant for tragic honors.

The supporting company having served an apprenticeship under such a bad tutoress, deserve more than ordinary compassion and forebearance. We shall discuss them briefly. Milnes Levick conceived Igomer to be a comedy part—and played it accordingly. Robert Downing as Alastor and Atkins Lawrence as the Timarch were nearly as much astray as everybody else in the cast. The price was well mounted by manager Haverly. For some mystical reason Miss Anderson received a call at the close of every act.

Mary Anderson in Sheridan Knowles' romantic play Love; or the Countess and Serf, drew a large audience to Haverly's Fifth Avenue theatre Monday night. If a profusion of diamonds, elegant dresses, a sweet, piteous face, eloquent eyes, and sweet smiles, could make a Countess, such as Knowles drew, then Miss Anderson may be congratulated on her representation. But what is the conception of this character we have in the play? Is it not a scornful, proud tyrant of a woman, who loves certainly, but who is capable of concealing it so well as almost to deceive herself? The part of the Countess is one capable of strong dramatic effects, but Miss Anderson scarcely grasps them all, though she does make some good points. It was perceptible throughout the play that Miss Anderson was nervous, for though she has played Love through the country, this was its first representation in New York. The drama is full of passion, and its gradual development to a grand climax is the strong feature of the play. In the early scenes Miss Anderson does not interest the audience. Her facial movements are petty and inappropriate, but in the forest scene, where Huon is struck by lightning, she rises to the demands of the play and discloses her love for the serf, wildly and fiercely. In the scene where she orders her lords to to pursue Huon, and bring him back without "hurting a hair of his head," she declaimed with force, and there was something terrible in her agony of remorse at his flight. She was at her best in the last scene, where she charges the Empress with robbing her of the love of Huon, and declares that he shall not marry. The story is a beautiful one. The haughty Countess falls secretly in love with Huon, her father's serf, who has been appointed her tutor and secretary. They mutually love. But the difference of rank is the obstacle. Huon is afraid to tell the Countess he loves her; and she is too proud to acknowledge that she loves him. So she is cold and haughty toward her lover, and he chafes under it. Lightning strikes Huon while attending his mistress on a hawking expedition, and the Countess falls on his bosom, and her gaze discloses her love to the lords and and ladies in waiting, but Huon being insensible, knows nothing of it. The Duke hears of this unequal love, threatens Huon with death if he will not marry Catherine, one of the ladies of the court. He consents at the Countess' request, and she so arranges things that Huon marries her, and not the Catherine who has been chosen by the Duke. Of course Huon is ignorant of the deception. The Duke dies, and after a tournament, when Huon has become enobled for brave deeds, the Countess declares herself Huon's wife. The part of Huon was played by Atkins Lawrence, and it was altogether an intelligent rendition of the character. Mr. Lawrence was especially good, in his declamation before the Duke, when he gives his manly reasons for refusing to sign the marriage contract prepared for him. Mr. Lawrence was very much superior to the rest of the actors.

The company was, however, fairly good, and it was a smooth representation; but each player seemed to suffer repression by the presence of the star. There was no part of the performance at all brilliant, although Emma Maddern, as Catherine, in her scenes with Sir Rupert, displayed considerable talent as a comedy actress. H. B. Norman's Duke was an excellent piece of acting, and his lines were delivered carefully and with great feeling. A word of praise may also be given to Mrs. Berrell, who, while she did not look the Empress, managed to speak her part impressively.

Miss Anderson received much applause, numerous recalls, and abundance of floral offerings. She is undoubtedly a charming actress, with great natural talent; but she is not a genius, and it is too much for her to lay claim to being America's tragedy queen. A woman with such a physique, and so noble a voice, should be able to do something grander in the line of dramatic art.

Tuesday evening the Standard was packed with a paying audience, come to witness the first representation of Bartley Campbell's My Geraldine. As Mr. Campbell had already turned out a successful Italian play, a popular Western piece, and a drama of Southern life, there was much curiosity felt as to how he would treat his last international effort, with green Ireland as a *locale*. The play is unlike the bulk of Irish pieces. Its motive is not the enmity of the Hibernian race for their British oppressors; it has no smugglers, red coated soldiers, constabulary or Fenian conspirators. Neither does it touch upon the evictions, the Land League and Home Rule questions that are convulsing England's turbulent little neighbor just at present. On the contrary My Geraldine is purely domestic in its nature, dealing entirely with the passions of a half dozen people—passions that are the mainspring of every ordinary play. The story is cohesive, simple and straightforward, and it is told in a plain, ungarnished way.

The scenes are laid in and about Arden House, Ireland, in the first quarter of the present century. Squire Arden assumes the estate of his brother, who was slain in battle several days before, and supposed to be a bachelor; but his body servant returns and informs the new Squire that his dead brother had been secretly married, an heir was expected soon, and he, the servant, had brought the wife the papers proving her marriage. He and the Squire agree to suppress these proofs, the servant to be well paid for his share in the villainy. The wife and her family suffer disgrace, the true heir, Geraldine, is sent to France to school, that she may know nothing of the cloud hanging over her, but there, when grown to women's estate, she meets and loves the Squire's son. The Squire longs to have the couple marry to quiet his conscience, but the grandfather of the girl refuses an alliance with a family of which one member is supposed to have seduced his daughter. The faithless servant, fearing loss of position and income in the event of the marriage, compels a deformed dependent to abduct the girl and secrete her in the ruined abbey. This dependent is found by the hero and tossed over a cliff, from which the former is supposed to have cast the girl to her death, but the villain, appearing just then upon the scene, threw the hero himself over the cliff. Suddenly the deformed figure reappears, accompanies the villain to the abbey, searches the ruins with a lantern while the villain discovers the girl under a great cross; just as the knife is raised over the kneeling woman, the hunchback appears, and, throwing off his cloak, discloses the hero himself. Later the real hunchback appears just in time to reveal the whereabouts of the long secreted papers. Mysteries are cleared up, rights set wrong, and everything adjusted to the satisfaction of everybody at the final fall of the curtain.

In many respects Mr. Campbell's drama is worthy of commendation; in many others it deserves severe criticism. The story is interesting, although improbable; the language is less didactic than that to which this particular author has accustomed us. On the other hand, the action is tedious and the story unnecessarily spread out. The scene in the ruined abbey in which Geraldine goes into hysterics over some imaginary rats, might very properly be curtailed. Many of the incidents are too lurid to coincide with the intense interest of the quiet portions of the plot. These rugged faults may assume the guise of virtues to the gallery, but they form no bid for the favor of the down-stairs people.

The applause with which My Geraldine was received was largely due to the earnest work of the company, and the excellent manner in which Mr. Henderson has placed the piece upon the stage. A better mounted play has seldom been seen on our stage, and certainly it has never been approached before, in this respect, at the Standard. Miss Muldener as the heroine was charming. Naturally fitted for the part by her nationality, she gave it in a slight foreign accent quite appropriate to the girl of French education. Natural, simple, earnest and ingenuous, she furnished a pretty dramatic picture that was irresistible. True, in the melodramatic scene in which she participates at the abbey, she exhibited a tendency to overact, but this was a fault that was forgotten in recalling her pleasing work in the earlier acts of the play. Emily Baker gave a capital performance of the suffering woman, Mary Carroll, giving to her a subdued strength and interest that we believed this actress incapable of portraying. Mrs. Skerrett was, of course, acceptable in a comedy old-woman part—who can remember when Mrs. Skerrett was otherwise? Mrs. Edwin Thorne played Norah, the colleen, a sort of Moya, with true Irish spirit. Edwin F. Thorne as the hero, Maurice Arden, was manly, vigorous, and carried the audience with him. Mr. Thorne is clever in light comedy but is still better in sentiment. J. N. Gotthold gave the part of Phil Carroll a powerful characterization, that stood out in bold prominence. William J. Scanlan has shown his wisdom in forsaking the variety for the dramatic stage. He is an excellent Irish comedian, and will make his mark some time. His Teddy Cregan was praiseworthy. John Jack as Squire Arden was most effective, giving a correct picture of the Irish gentleman, quite at variance with the exaggerated specimens usually found in the theatre. Messrs. Lawlor and Maurice were good, and Charles McManus made the comedy hit of the piece as a self-important butler, Terence Cregan. On the whole, the company demands the greatest commendation for the admirable manner in which they rendered the piece, having but ten days for preparation, during which time they were playing every night in Matrimony.

The management of the Standard has outdone itself in giving My Geraldine a handsome setting. The scenery was all painted in a brief space, but it was excellent. The first scene—an interior, done in the style of Marston—was executed by Reid of Providence. It needed only a boxed ceiling in place of some dingy flies to make it perfect. Carroll's cottage, used in the second and third acts, was well executed. The backing seen through the window should have been changed, however, from the one shown in the first set. The Craigha Dhoul and Ruins of Gray Nun Abbey, in the fourth act, was a triumph of Bartley Campbell's mechanical skill and Voegtlin's brush. An almost instantaneous change was made from the one to the other in the same grooves—a fact which will be understood and appreciated by THE MIRROR's stage-carpenter friends. Mr. Neyer's orchestra played admirably.

There is an inconsistency in the brogues used by the characters in My Geraldine. They indicate that the people of the story have gathered together from all the counties of Ireland. The North, South, Killarney, Tipperary, Cork, and Theatre Comique dialects—each has its representative. One actor has evidently gone so far in his search, as to take for a model a farm-hand on the estate of the Earl of Kenmare. This inconsistency, while instructive and amusing, should be looked to at once.

My Geraldine pleased the audience greatly, and will doubtless enjoy a profitable run. It is a stirring play for the provinces.

The Banker's Daughter was revived at the Union Square last Thursday evening with admirable surroundings. Several changes have been made in the cast of Bronson Howard's play since its first production. Frederic de Belleville played the Count de Carojac capitally and created a profound impression in the part. Mr. De Belleville is an important acquisition to the Union Square company. Owen Fawcett was successful in Joe Polk's old part, G. Washington Phipps. The balance of the company repeated their former individual successes. Next Tuesday night Clara Morris commences her special matinees. They will be a fashionable feature at this theatre. The Creole is underlined, but no date has been fixed for its production.

Humpty Dumpty is the Christmas attraction at the Windsor. The management opened with this potpourri of fun, singing, drama, acrobatic tricks and harlequinade on Monday to a crowded house. The several members of Nick Roberts' troupe are excellent performers. There are three clowns, Grimaldi, Dromo and Pedro. Then there is Harry Leslie, the comedian, also Cool Burgess, the Ravels, the Etzeltine Sisters, the Mendoza Brothers, Charles Omweg and Emily Lube. Humpty Dumpty will prove a blessing to the thousands of children in the neighborhood of the Windsor, who, with their parents, will be sure to crowd this commodious house during the holidays.

This is the last week of the successful play of M'Liss at the Grand Opera House. The engagement has proved a splendid one. Annie Pixley, in the title role, presents a telling picture of life in the wild western country, of the struggles and heroism of the Child of the Sierras. John E. McDonough, as Yuba Bill, the driver of the Sacramento Mail, has a part which suits him perfectly. His representation of the large-hearted, open-handed man of California is strongly dramatic, and has the zest of naturalness about it. M'Liss may be styled a holiday piece, such a one as would be just in season at Christmas, when the spirit of festivity and generosity is roaming up and down, seeking to make men and women happy. The play is well put on the stage by the Pixley troupe, and the songs, dances and medleys serve to enliven the drama and make it popular.

Abbey's Humpty Dumpty troupe is at Niblo's this week. They remain one week longer, and are then followed by The Black Venus.—The Two Orphans is the attraction at the popular Thalia Theatre.—Will Hazel Kirke last another year out?—Hiawatha will be taken off Saturday night, and Babes in the Wood substituted the following Monday.—Needles and Pins will give way January 17th to Nisida and the Nautch Girls at Daly's. A splendid production of Genee's tuneful opera is promised.—Lawn-Tennis was played for the last time Wednesday night at the Bijou. The theatre is closed Thursday evening, and Friday Olivette will receive its first representation.—The Mulligan Guard Nominee is drawing immense houses at the Comique.—Tony Pastor is blithely singing his popular songs and counting his big receipts every night at his pretty band-box of a theatre. Tony would have had a sketch in the CHRISTMAS MIRROR if he had not been under contract to Street & Smith, of the *New York Weekly*, to furnish them with all that he writes for the next two years. We have Tony's best wishes, however, which are almost as pleasant to us, if not to our readers.—Signor Charles Backus and Monsieur Billy Birch may be seen in the funniest of funny minstrel entertainments every night at the San Francisco Opera House.



In Ushering
Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet
—LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

The year that is just closing is fraught with its sad as well as its joyous memories, and more than one actor will think gravely of the breaks in the professional ranks that have occurred since he ate his last Christmas dinner. The untimely death of Adelaide Neilson, one of the most accomplished actresses and loveliest women of her day, is not forgotten by her friends in this country, and many a thought will stray in the direction of the simple cross that marks the spot where she rests in Brompton churchyard. Poor, poor Neilson! And our old friend John Brougham, too—the life of every feast, the brave, dauntless spirit, the beloved of everybody. His voice is silenced and his trenchant sallies of wit, his *bon mots*, his generous acts have faded into mere recollections. The first snow of Winter has just fallen over the frozen mound of earth that covers the remains of dear Billy Floyd, and his little family will pass a desolate and cheerless Christmas this year. Harry Beckett, whose bright achievements at Wallack's still linger pleasantly in our minds, went home to England and died forgotten amidst the coldness of a people who had found new favorites during his absence. Hush the jokes and laughter that arise with the fragrant incense of our Christmas turkey and pudding, and with bent heads and in silence let us drink a loving toast to the memory of those whose places are vacant—who have gone from us forever!

* * *

A regularly organized *claque* is a novelty in New York, but I hear that Chizzola is authority for the statement that one is being employed during the Salvini engagement at Booth's. It consists of fifty members, each of whom contracts to become familiar with the proper applause-points of the play before going on duty at night. They are divided into two sections of twenty-five men each. One of these is distributed through the lower part of the house, and the other has charge of the balcony and gallery. In Othello they had no opportunity to show their strength, for the public's enthusiasm was so genuine and so great as to swallow them up entirely. But Friday and Saturday nights when Hamlet and La Morte Civile were done, they earned their pay. The trouble is that the *claque* doesn't entirely understand its business, and their "bravos" and "bravas" in choicest Anglicized and Hibernianized Italian, are not always delivered in the correct spot, owing, perhaps, to the bad condition of the libretti (whose translations have to be re-translated), and their own individual opinion of the art of acting, which differs materially from those of the public at-large. Those intermittent eruptions of hand-clapping, and strange and incongrous semi-foreign cries which were periodically noticeable on the nights specified, are thus accounted for by Mr. Chizzel's terrible confession.

* * *

Gabriell Du Sauld sued the management of the Madison Square Theatre the other day for $680 and recovered it. The plaintiff alleged that she received $100 a week for her services, but made a special contract by which she was to receive $40 a week during the summer months for her part in Hazel Kirke. Some time in June there was a disagreement in the company, and the plaintiff ceased playing. She claims that Mr. Mackaye notified her that her engagement was at an end so far as her services were concerned. The defendant, on his part, claims that Miss Du Sauld volunteered to leave the theatre in order to restore harmony among members of the company. The plaintiff says that her withdrawal was against her wishes, and did not release Mr. Mackaye from fulfilling his contract. Miss Du Sauld writes to a morning contemporary that she is not a troublesome young person, and that she did not cause dissension in the organization. She has won her suit, and she ought to be satisfied with the result.

* * *

There is no contribution from Fanny Davenport in the Christmas number of THE MIRROR, and after my readers peruse the following communication they will understand why:

COLUMBIA, S. C., Dec. 18th.

MY DEAR MR. FISKE:—I have written half a dozen little sketches and destroyed them, deeming them hardly worthy publication or a place in your paper. I find 'tis impossible to concentrate one's thoughts, to write when one's head is in a continual buzz from the cars. We have been riding now twelve hours a day for a week—and in the South, perhaps you know what that is. I think that after my experience of the past three years—twice to 'Frisco and back, twice to London, and three times over our United States, from Massachusetts to Kansas, when this season finishes I shall be a fit subject for a "lunatic arsenal," as Mrs. Partington remarked. In the absence of the article promised, will you accept my heartiest wishes for THE MIRROR, its present and its future! Believe me, I wish one and all connected with it a truly Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, besides prosperity and all the good things a paper can fall heir to. It deserves the place it now holds in public opinion, and you deserve the greatest amount of praise for all that you have done. I hope each year will find an equally increasing circulation and a larger bank account. It is a pleasure to read THE MIRROR, which I find always good in its criticisms and fair to what is just and deserving. "Long may it wave!" Again wishing you and yours good luck and God speed, I am ever sincerely, FANNY DAVENPORT.

A few hours after this pleasant letter was received, came the following dispatch from Charleston, S. C., which altered the aspect of the case:

HARRISON GREY FISKE, NEW YORK MIRROR, 12 Union Square:—Have managed to scribble something. Will finish and send to night. If not in time use it New Years. FANNY DAVENPORT.

Miss Davenport's sketch is no doubt on its way, and it will be relished all the more by our readers for the delay.

* * *

Through the kindness of Manager Haverly, the Colored Minstrels, 100—etc.—100, went down to Randall's Island Thursday last and gave the idiots, cripples, children, and other patients a special minstrel entertainment. The latter enjoyed it tremendously, and they all agreed that they'd never had had such a good time in their lives and that J. H. Haverly was the God blessedest man in this terrestrial sphere. This is not the first affair of the sort that the mammoth manager has been mixed up in, and I'm glad to know that, as he's carried along on the crest of prosperity, he finds time to remember the unfortunates, and cheer the darkness of their existence by a bright ray of sunlight like that he shed upon Randall's Island through the medium of his dusky band.

* * *

The uptown movement of the theatres was prophesied in THE MIRROR long ago. Northward the star of management takes its way. The centre of amusement used to be, in times gone by, around the place where the City Hall stands. As residences gave place to stores, and the mercantile requirements of the day encroached still further upon the sections of the city devoted to dwellings, the theatres moved up beyond Grand Street, gradually progressing toward Union Square. Ten years ago another change of base occurred, and Twenty-third Street was reached. Within the past few years Daly's, the Madison Square, the Bijou Opera House and the new Fifth Avenue have been erected still further North. Wallack's and the Union Square are the next to go, and soon, no doubt, there will be several more departures of this kind.

* * *

The week previous to Christmas is always a bad one for the theatres, and this year was no exception to the rule. Business tumbled with the very commencement of last week, and did not pull up again until Monday night. Now that the presents have been bought and distributed, and people have settled down for their annual holiday jollification, attention is turned from the stores to the theatres, where seasonable entertainment may be found in abundance.

* * *

Mr. Henry Bergh writes me the following letter, to which I gladly give space, denying that he is a confirmed deadhead at the theatres:

EDITOR NEW YORK MIRROR:

In your handsome weekly of December 11th you do me a great injustice, which, I trust, you will hasten to correct.

In it you are pleased to characterize me as "a confirmed deadhead at the theatres," which I take to mean one who procures his admission by favor of the management.

Nothing can be further from truth than this accusation, as you can easily learn by addressing yourself to any and all the managers of our city, which I hope you will do, for your own satisfaction and my justification.

Taking a period of twenty years, I think one might count on the fingers of his hands all the favors I have ever accepted of that nature, and then under polite protest. Neither my pecuniary nor my circumstances necessitate any such irregularity.

All my life I have been a substantial patron of the drama, as well as an admirer of the possessor of artistic talent on the stage, and I have yet to learn that there is any discredit attached thereto.

You are also pleased to rebuke me for hav-

ing ventured to illustrate my respect for the stage by writing a play—if I may be pardoned the use of so pretentious an expression.

I beg you to believe that I prefer to be a pecuniary supporter of the drama rather than a drag upon it, which I certainly should be if I merited the epithet you so erroneously apply to me. HENRY BERGH.

Since Mr. Bergh owns up to the "steam flogging machine," and frankly pleads guilty to concocting a play, I will be as generous, and admit myself mistaken about his visiting the theatres on free passes.

* * *

The highly moral Police Committee of Montreal evidently look upon Sarah B. as a sort of incipient Passion Play that ought to be suppressed. Sarah B. doesn't look at the matter in the same light, but she has, I am credibly informed, given her managers several gratuitous passion dis-plays while discussions of the subject have been in order. No doubt she's cried in accents wild and terrible: "Give me that man(ager) who is not Passion (Play's) slave, and I will wear him," etc.

* * *

Queries: How many stamps would the postal officials require to send Sarah B. from Connecticut to Montreal? Would she go as first or second-class mail-matter?

* * *

McKee Rankin arrived at the Union Square Hotel with his wife and children Wednesday afternoon. Andrew Dam, Jr., met him with open arms, and hand in-hand they tripped gaily to the mysterious little apartment, presided over by the "Doctor," at the back of the *cafe*. Rankin looks as ruggedly handsome as ever.

* * *

Let it be whispered softly—Commodore Tooker's abstracted, thoughtful mien and constant presence in the head carpenter's room behind the scenes at Booth's has more than a superficial import. He is engaged in perfecting a double action, reverberating, electro-hand-clapping machine, to be worked at will from the prompt-box and the manager's office by simply pressing once on a small round button. If successful it will furnish concentrated enthusiasm of five-thousand-people power. The Commodore's intention is to buy a ferry-boat and start an opposition line to Weehawken on the proceeds. Hush sh-sh!! Don't say that I told you!

* * *

The other night somebody asked Sydney Rosenfeld the hour of day. To the astonishment of the questioner, Sydney drew forth his watch-chain from the end of which dangled a bit of paste-board. It was a yellow pawn ticket. He studied it intently for a few moments, placed it to his ear, and then exclaimed:

"I'd love to accommodate you, my dear boy, but really I—I forgot to wind her up last night!"

* * *

Digby Bell went to Manager Daly the other day, and applied for an engagement in the forthcoming production of Nisida. He was told that he could have the desired appointment if he could effect a release from his present engagement with Messrs. Comley and Barton. Tuesday morning Mr. Bell sought Manager Daly, and stated that he had effected such a release; that he was glad to get the chance to remain in the city and to leave the Lawn Tennis party—his relations with the management being not altogether pleasant. Mr. Bell will appear for a time in Olivette. Manager Daly desired this explanation published, in order to admit no possibility of a belief in a report that might be circulated to the effect that he took Mr. Bell away from his present managers by underhanded means.

Ember Days at the Hub.

BY CHARLES H. PATTEE.

A peep behind the scenes of a theatre, at the most ordinary times, affords a strange and curious spectacle. Nothing strikes the stranger so much as the quaint and dingy look of everything around him. The boarding of the stage, which, from the front, appears so well calculated for the delicate satin shoes of the dancer, is found, on near inspection, to be rugged and worn and intersected on every hand by the projecting edges of traps. Right and left, and at the back, where the stage is clear of scenery, you see the rough, unplastered walls, blotched with dark spots where painters and carpenters have been accustomed to squeeze through, behind close sets and drawn off flats. Looking up among the jointed grooves projecting in all sorts of fantastic attitudes from the "flies," you conceive the notion of being in an unfinished house, before the floors are laid, in which a large number of the old wooden telegraphs have been stored. The ropes and pulleys are suggestive of a ship, and the sky borders of a dyer's loft. The "bowers of bliss" and "palaces of delight," which look so dazzling at night, are incomprehensible smudges at close quarters by day. Daylight takes all the romance out of a theatre. When the lamps are gone out, and the gray dawn streams in through the panes in the roof, the royal palace down below becomes a barn. The sun makes everything bright and gay—everything but a theatre. Thalia and Melpomene have their license from Diana.

A rehearsal—what a strange affair is that? Here the envious daylight takes the romance, too, out of the actors. Your divinity of the footlights comes in draggled from a long walk in the rain, and gets "blown up" by the stage manager for being late. "Now, then, Miss Divinity, how much longer are we to be kept waiting for you?" Miss Divinity is carefully putting by her dripping umbrella and muddy overshoes. Your favorite comedian comes on with a cough, grumbling at his part, for which he shows his contempt by blundering at every second word and going up to the author and asking what it means. The piece is intended to be a comic one. It sounds, as the words are mumbled over, as serious as a sermon. The comedian looks as gloomy as a vampire; the draggled divinity wears an aspect positively repulsive; the first old man is the embodiment of injury and insult combined; the soubrette is a walking effigy of disgust; the "juvenile" man, contemplating "half a length," is satisfied that a piece in which he has so little to say must prove a dead failure; the author begins to think so too. He thought his piece funny once, but not now. Daylight and rehearsal have taken all the fun out of it, and it will not be restored until Miss Divinity has put on her pretty dress, and the comedian has reddened his nose and the gas is lit. The market is always overstocked with comedians, and the overflow runs to "leading men." Don't imagine, for a moment, the "old man" is always, or even occasionally, the old man he looks. He is generally a very young man, not unfrequently a youth of nineteen or twenty. He does not choose the "old man," you may be sure of that. Does the aspirant after histrionic honors take to the profession that he may play Rosencrantz and Guildenstern? No! Hamlet is his mark. But as we cannot all be Hamlet, some of us must play Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. But these "old men" will have their consolation some day. When Rosencrantz goes into the country, he will be nothing short of Prince of Denmark.

It perhaps never occurred to you, mater familias, sitting smiling in the orchestra with your olive branches around you, that the "premiere danseuse" who is pirouetting before you is herself a mater familias, and that while she is tripping about, here in short gauze skirts she has little ones of her own tossing about in their beds, anxiously waiting for mother's step on the stairs. At Christmas time in the London theatres pantomimes are constantly in rehearsal, and the productions are anxiously looked for by the people. Clown, Pantaloon, Harlequin and Columbine are the favorites of the hour. The young people cry and the old people no less, who sit in the boxes and roar until the tears run down their cheeks at the frolicsome waggeries of the Clown over the amusing discomfiture which he visits upon Pantaloon, and the other destined martyrs of the drama are little accustomed to reflect that all the extravagant nonsense has first of all to do with tears, not of laughter, but of pain and grief and wearing toil. All this kicking and slapping and burning with imaginary red-hot pokers, has been a very serious and painful business for a fortnight or more before the opening night. Columbine and Harlequin play the lovers well, do they not? They are all youth and grace and smiles and airiness. Yes, and they have been man and wife these dozen years, and have had their cares and their joys, their gladness and their sorrow like the real people who sit around you. It is well to look at them as real people. We can the better appreciate the praiseworthy efforts which they make—in the only way they can—to do their duty. And what a strange sphere it is from our point of view! The individualities of a "spectacle" or "show piece" are exhibited in a striking light at a morning rehearsal, when the unromantic daylight streams down upon them.

One thing perplexes you very much, and that is, among the motley crowd at the rising to determine who is who. All this crowd of men, women and children of all ages, sexes and apparent conditions—who are they? Some of the men are of clerical aspect and wear black and shiny hats. A good many of them bear the stamp of care upon their brows. The ballet are an anxious looking set. Some of them have children in their charge. Some of them little mites of things not more than three or four years old. The young ladies of the ballet have had an anxious time of it for fear they should not be engaged. You may have seen them in a crowd, waiting round the stage door, so anxious have they been for an engagement at a meagre sum per week. And then when children are required in the piece the manager is inundated with offers. It is curious, almost pitiful, to see little children, who can barely speak, sent on the stage to amuse others—they who rarely have a toy to amuse themselves. I have seen little human frogs and birds hushed to sleep in the corner of a dressing-room until it was time to put them into the pasteboard skins. Fancy that mater familias—a babe just weaned earning its mother's dinner! I know of little children, whose heads scarcely reach above my knee, who have been earning the dinners of a whole family for months past. The independence of their behavior in the theatre, owing to the childish unconsciousness of any authority, forms a striking contrast to the obsequiousness of the grown up employes.

One day I saw a manager passing through behind the scenes, and carpenters and scene shifters made way for him, and high-placed officials bowed with respectful awe. So far, the progress of the manager was that of a potentate through the ranks of his subjects. But presently the great man entered the green-room, and there two little children were engaged in boisterous play, jumping on and off the sofas and chairs. Did they stop their play and sneak away into a corner with scared looks. Not they. They continued their romping and jumping quite unconcerned, and when the manager told them in awful tones to be quiet, the little boy said "shan't," and the little girl ran against the great man, and slapping him in a child's wayward manner, plainly told him this bit of her little innocent mind: "I don't like you!" Bless their little hearts, they had no idea of a great bashaw of a manager who held engagements in his hands and paid salaries on Saturday. They only knew that mother brought them there, that they played little frogs, and that somehow or other—through mother—money came of it.

At this Christmas time there are open in Boston no less than five legitimate theatres, three variety, and one hall of negro minstrelsy, and all of them, with scarcely a single exception, are doing well. This is the state of theatrical affairs when the field is disputed by a large number of capacious music-halls and other halls of amusement which had no existence a dozen years ago. Whatever, then, may be the quality of the dramatic entertainment presented in these days, it is certain that it is largely patronized and meets with a liberal reward. Nor is this success confined to the manager's harvest season of Christmas tide. Throughout the whole of the past year the theatres generally enjoyed unusual prosperity. This should prove that the drama of the day is at least written to the public taste. If it has declined, then the public taste has declined. The writers who lament the present state of things seem, however, to forget one important fact, viz.: that the stage is no longer looked to or needed as a teacher. In the old times, when there were no newspapers and books were scarce, the pulpit and the stage were the only mediums through which lessons on morality and life were presented to the public. It was of high importance then that the dramatist should hold the mirror up to nature, show vice its own image, and virtue her own features. But in these days when all the learning, the experience and the philosophy of the greatest minds of all ages are within reach of the humblest in cheap books, and still cheaper newspapers, the stage is no longer regarded as an instructor. We only look to it for amusement, and so long as that amusement is innocent and healthy there is little else that is expected from it. We study human nature and morals now in books and in broad sheets, and we go to the theatre for diversion. If the dramatist can instruct while he amuses us, well and good. But we do not absolutely want his teaching.

There is a sad want of novelty in the Christmas pieces this year. At the Park Theatre Maggie Mitchell is doing Fanchon, a play which has been "done to death." And here at the Globe we are presented with Enchantment, which was done here last season. The Boston presents Voyagers in the Southern Seas, after a run of over fifty nights, and Neil Burgess is making people scream and laugh at the eccentricities of Widow Bedott. We come to the Museum, where The Guv'nor, with Wilson and Warren, as Macclesfield and Butterscotch, are delighting crowds of people. I expect to see in the bills some day within the century that "on account of his long and faithful services the popular comedian, William Warren, will always be retained at this establishment." He merits the favor which the management shows him. And now I will conclude with the statement of a fact that theatres, which find so many people in bread, are in many instances the sole sustaining prop of hundreds. And when the curtain comes down for the last time on the concluding glories of the plays of this Christmas the manager will send for the property man and the scene painter and will instruct them to begin to prepare for the "next," which will be performed for the first time on the 25th of December, 1881.

Merry Moments.

BY H. W. MONTGOMERY.

What a crowd of jolly fellows used to get together at the Arundel! They were the brains of London. I knew them all, the Broughs, Burnand, Tom Taylor, John Oxenford, Mark Lemon, Byron, Frank Talfourd, Hollingshead, Robertson, and a host of others, actors—managers and journalists.

By the way, that's a good story told of Florence, Robertson and Byron. You know Billy Florence, by an effort of memory, "appropriated" Mr. Robertson's Caste. Well, Robertson and Byron were in the green-room of the Prince of Wales' Theatre, London, and this appropriation of Billy's was the topic of conversation. "Damn it," said Robertson, "I wish that fellow Florence was dead," when Byron replied with grim humor. "Yes, and you could put truthfully on his tombstone this epitaph: 'Sacred to the memory of W. J. Florence.'" Of course there was a huge laugh at Billy's expense.

Here's another of Byron's witticisms which I remember. Poor Byron had itched for managerial honors,—every actor does—and having had the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, in his hands for a time, he became bankrupt. Well, he met a consumptive friend: "Why my boy, you do look ill," said Byron, "what are you taking?" Said his friend: "Cod liver oil." "Ah!" replied the ready wit, "Try Theatre Royal."

But Frank Talfourd, the son of Chief-Justice Talfourd, had Byron one day. Frank never wore an overcoat, even in the coldest weather. One afternoon, meeting Byron, he complained of the cold. Said Byron, "You never wear an overcoat." "I never sin," said Talfourd, and the two wits adjourned for a glass. Byron laughing heartily at the joke. *He* knew his friend Talfourd was never an overcoat.

That was a good joke too of Byron's. He was rehearsing a piece at the Strand and Mrs. Swanborough told him that Miss Lavine would not play her part because she wanted a rise. "Damn her rise," said Byron.

Being recently in Louisville, Ky., I saw among the cards in the hotel a large one with a brown background—green grass, and big buffalo, going mad at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and headed as above: "Kentucky Bluetuck." I was told that it was a new kind of a drink, so I boldly walked into the bar and quietly called for "A glass of Kentucky Bluetuck." Said the barkeeper: "What brand of Kentucky Bluetuck, my dear boy; please say it again, and say it slow."

"Oh! excuse me, my dear fellow, can't you understand, Ken-tucky Blue-tuck—don't you know—brown background—green grass—big buffalo, and all that sort of thing." The barkeeper didn't understand, ye know, until I hunted up the card, with the brown background, green grass, etc., when it suddenly flashed across the barkeeper's mind that his customer wanted a glass of Kentucky Bluetuck water. But its beastly stuff, anyhow.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City save baggage expressage and carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, nearly opposite Grand Central Depot. 350 elegant rooms reduced to $1 and upward per day, European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and Elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at Grand Union Hotel than any other first-class hotel in the city. Be careful and see that Grand Union is on the sign before you enter.

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new version, introducing the only genuine trained

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Seats ready Thursday, A. M., Academy of Music box-office.

Union Square Theatre.

Mr. A. M. PALMER...Proprietor and Manager

Begins at 8, over at 11. Saturday matinee, Dec. 25, begins at 2.

FAREWELL PERFORMANCE OF

THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER,
THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER,
THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER,
THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER,

This play has been received nightly during the past week by great assemblages of people who have manifested their delight with the drama and with the manner in which it is acted and set upon the stage.

Charles R. Thorne, Jr., John Parselle, J. H. Stoddart, F. De Belleville, W. J. Lemoyne, W. Ramsey, Owen Fawcett, H. F. Daly, H. W. Montgomery, W. S. Quigly, and Misses Sara Jewett, Maud Harrison, Sarah Cowell, little Eva French and Mrs. E. J. Phillips.

Saturday next, Christmas Day, second matinee of THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER.

Thursday evening, Dec. 23, Miss MAUD HARRISON'S First Benefit, and 145th performance of THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 4, a series of EXTRA MATINEES to be given every TUESDAY and THURSDAY afternoon. For these matinees, MISS CLARA MORRIS has been engaged. The first of the series will be MISS MULTON, which will be presented with a good cast.

Wallack's.

LESTER WALLACK...Proprietor and Manager

Every evening at 8 and Saturday matinee at 1:30, until further notice, the great sensation of the late London season, HERMAN MERIVALE and F. C. GROVE'S play, entitled

FORGET-ME-NOT.

New Scenery by MR. JOSEPH CLARE. Stage Mechanism and Appointments by Messrs. DORRINGTON and SIEDLE. The music arranged by Mr. HERMAN BRODIE. The choruses under the direction of Mr. D. BARRON.

Act. I. The Unbidden Guest.
Act. II. Article 148.
Act. III. The Face in the Garden.

Standard Theatre.

Broadway and 33d street.

WM. HENDERSON....Proprietor and Manager

Tuesday, Dec. 21,

first production of

Bartley Campbell's new Irish play,

MY GERALDINE,

with entirely new scenery by Voegtlin, Reed, and assistants, and a powerful cast of characters.

Christmas matinee Saturday at 2.

Tony Pastor's Theatre,

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GRAND HOLIDAY CHRISTMAS COMPANY.

FUN. FUN. FUN.

Six of the greatest Irish Comedians on earth, The Kernells, Ferguson and Mack, Sheehan and Jones.

HARRY WATSON, the Dutch comedian, and Miss ALICE HUTCHINGS.

The two greatest comedy sketch teams, Niles and Evans, Reynolds and Walling

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The Importance and Magnitude of Theatrical Trade.

The importance of theatrical matters in this country is not better illustrated than in the magnitude of trade and manufacture. Supply and demand is the great law of commercial prosperity. Theatrical business and interests have grown so gradually into a permanent branch of all other business, that no one has stopped to think how absurd the hue and cry, that theatres and actors "live off the public." Possibly there is truth in it; but what do the public gain?

The dressing of the stage to day is an item of expense—a feature of public attraction; a great source of income to those who supply it—and this is only one feature of the great supply derived from dramatic business. A few years ago, the art of stage dressing was cultivated under perplexing difficulties; hence the production of a certain line of modern dramas could not be as attractive or successful as it is to day.

Many articles of foreign manufacture were held at a high figure, or were not sold in this country. The fashion of the age has added new adornments, new ideas in stage dress, and the spirit of American enterprise has strode forward to meet this demand, until nowhere in the world can the dramatic artist find a greater variety of everything needed in the most faithful copy of character, or greater richness of effect.

The bazars of fashion in New York City to-day are patterns of all that's elegant and choice in dry goods stock; and where special materials for stage use are sold, there will be found the *bon-ton* buyers, who make it a point to imitate stage people in elaborate toilets. It has often been said that our best and most fashionably dressed women on the street look as if they had come from before the footlights in the dress of the play.

Some years ago, one or two firms commenced filling orders for the profession and keeping a limited supply of a few things they knew were always saleable to actors; this generally comprised silk hose, tights, face-washes and flashy jewelry. The demand soon became greater than the supply, until to-day, the trade of the dramatic profession of such moment there has been opened in Fourteenth street a palatial house of retail and wholesale business in theatrical goods. The opening was filled with the fashionable shoppers in and out of town, and from the street floor to the working rooms on the fourth, it is a busy centre, where department after department exhibit goods seldom seen on a dry goods counter, but so beautiful and elegant it would seem as if the enchantment of the stage had been transferred to the store.

This new emporium is the long-established house of Bloom Brothers; they have been the dramatic caterers for some years, and have kept pace with the demand of the stage in its many improvements, until to enumerate all the variety of stock would be almost impossible.

The store floor is occupied with fancy goods, hosiery, lace and glove departments, the latter situated in a neat alcove at the rear of the main hall. A central staircase, with neat appointments, reaches from floor to floor, while the latest patent elevator is constantly running. The display of goods on this floor is marked for unusual taste. Elegant fans of every variety, and the finest silk and embroidered hosiery are ravishing to the eyes of shoppers and customers generally.

On the second floor is found the great feature of this store, and the evidence of the importance of dramatic business. The whole length of the building, with a flood of light, is devoted to stage wear; beautifully mounted show-cases, containing stage jewelry, armor, harlequin suits, stage shoes and slippers, flowers and lacings, with a world of beauty in decorative embroideries, combine to fascinate the guest. Here may be found everything the actor demands, both in imported and domestic goods. Nowhere in the United States is there to be seen such a choice display of hosiery of all fabrics, colors, designs, and qualities. In bullion, spangled and gimp trimmings, the stock is complete. Flouncing laces, robe fronts, fringes and passementeries, are displayed in regal richness.

Under theatrical goods are found equestrian supplies, pads, wigs and toilet necessities; all these various departments are excellently arranged for dramatic inspectors, whose life and business have made a demand for such a well supplied headquarters. In the suit department a beautifully carpeted floor, with cases of drawers for the careful production of elegant stage dresses, is found the greatest system and convenience for this special trade. Dressing-rooms, fitting-rooms and attentive superintendents are first to attract notice. Long pier glasses and admirable light fill what is demanded in this special class of shopping

Looking at all these facilities for complete costuming of male or female characters, either antique or modern, we come back to the query, how valuable is theatrical trade in mercantile business?

Here is a house supplied twice a week from Paris, with all the novelties and fashions of that fashionable centre, devoting its main supply and interest to the theatrical demand, and filled with busy clerks and workers equal to any emporium of trade in the city.

Surely the theatres pay somebody; and a very honorable mass of humanity earn honest livelihoods from their constantly increasing demands.

Stage dressing has become such an art in itself that it requires a life long study, not how to make simply a costly dress—as everybody can do that easily enough—but how to make a costume look elegant, grand, stylish and showy from the footlights, and yet be inexpensive. Very few ordinary dressmakers can accomplish this task. They will either put on a lot of fine work that does not show to advantage from the front or combine colors suitable for the drawing room, but not for the stage. It is not the quantity of material or trimmings that is heaped in profusion on such costumes, but the right way to arrange them to advantage. It is known by experience, though some of the leading stars, whose entire wardrobes are exclusively gotten up at this establishment, who always have the reputation of dressing elegantly, and in reality spend less money than many others that pay twice as much, and are never dressed as well. Discretion forbids the mention of names of many American and foreign actresses who so liberally patronize this establishment, and have time and time over again complimented the perfection of fit, style and finish in all garments from these workrooms, while the charges are so reasonable that it will pay the most economical.

One of the most important items in stage dressing is the toilet supply. Years ago the actor was most fortunate to find in some drug store a box of "French chalk," or poisoned vermilion, to use in "making up." Now enterprising manufacture has placed in the market a rivalry for the best and most harmless goods. Make-up boxes, all supplied with those little necessities the artist needs, are found in the toilet department.

It is a strange conglomeration that fills most important part of the theatrical stock; eyebrow pencils, hare's feet, blue vein pencils, pink saucers, Oriental cream, vinegar rouge, etc., etc.

Without mentioning the vast manufacture in all kinds of tights, pads, wigs, shirts of all descriptions, harlequin, clown and trapeze goods, some idea may be formed of the importance of theatrical trade.

In this new palace of trade there are other departments stocked richly with elegant goods—the cloak and fur lined department, the underwear department, glove and lace counters are alone of interest—enough to form a long description; but the theatrical centre is the chief object of consideration, as it bears testimony to the activity, the value and importance of a special class of the world's people.

The costumes that are laying in the cases of the suit rooms alone afford scope for thought on this subject. The stage presents nothing richer in design of trimming, more tasteful in combination of colors, than these pattern dresses furnish; they would grace a Bernhardt, Morris or Modjeska with becoming perfection.

The most valuable idea in this dry goods centre of theatrical interest is the fact that whole wardrobes, outfits and complete costumes can be easily ordered from a distance, and every article, from wig to shoes, be supplied, and to the satisfaction of the most arbitrary taste. No matching shades from store to store; no little orders for fringes here, rouge there, spangles from one place and tights from another—but all under one roof this grand convenience is obtained; because the trade is so large it has caused every system of care and utility to be brought to the demand, and being a specialty, the enterprising managers have acquired a knowledge of what must be appropriate, proper, tasteful and beautiful in costuming, as well as the quality of every article desired and its adaptability to the use intended.

The growth of such demands has built one palatial mercantile house in this city that is an ornament to trade and a necessity to a rapidly increasing profession, who are the nucleus as well, of an increasing "supply and demand," the commercial and manufacturing interests of this country are bound to respect and foster.—*Magazine.*

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Voice of the Press:

Mr. Bartley Campbell's new Irish play, that has been heralded for several weeks, made a favorable impression last night upon a good audience. It has a strong, though somewhat familiar story, that is told too slowly through three acts, but moves rapidly and powerfully in the two acts that follow. It disappointed those who expected a Land League movement in dramatic form, for love instead of patriotism is its basis; but the few Irish sentiments, all genuine, that were expressed by the lines were enthusiastically applauded. The scenery was good, a sudden change, in the fourth act, of a landscape into the ruins of an old abbey being admirably managed and wonderfully effective. * * My Geraldine will prove a strong play.—N.Y Herald.

What is equally evident is that the native humor of Ireland enters largely into his composition. His drama is full of it, and abounds in quaint touches that are extremely diverting, and that mingle most effectively with passages of sentiment and picturesque illustration that are entirely genuine. The constructive merit of the drama is by no means small, and some of the situations are most impressive. * * But the plot is interesting, the action of it is strong and full of life, and the audience of last evening enjoyed it and paid it all the honors at their disposal. They called up the curtain over and over again, and they had the author out and showered their good-will upon him until he was overcome. It was received with every expression of pleasure.—N. Y. Star.

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This company presented at Music Hall, last evening, what the programme designated as a "three-act absurdity." Never was appellation more fitting, for the piece is a collection of the most nonsensical trifles strung together by a simple plot.

Most comical it is surely. There is more or less music, bits from opera, and jubilee songs. The dash and spirit of the piece arouses the audience to a pitch of enthusiasm, and the rollicking merriment keeps everybody either in a roar of laughter or just on the verge of it. There are no dull scenes, no long monologues nor dry discussions. The actors are constantly on the move and always doing, saying or singing something ridiculous. It is utterly impossible to keep a sober face or listen unmoved to such drollery.—[Wilkesbarre Record and Times.

LONG BRANCH.

The extravaganza of Long Branch may be called a screamer without slang or exaggeration. It is a perfect avalanche of the most ridiculous situations possible, and there's a gush and slam-bang about it that keep the house aroar most of the time. The absence of Alice Oates was a disappointment, but had the audience not been anticipating her, it would have been completely captivated by the dash and abandon of her substitute, Gertie Granville. Miss Oates, according to a telegram received last evening, will surely join the company at Scranton. She was promised last night, but was taken ill and could not reach Wilkesbarre. We can scarcely imagine how Alice Oates or any one else could well improve upon the principal role, Electra Bracegirdle, for the character and Miss Granville could not be better suited each to the other. The effervescence of the piece is its charm—it boils over with fun throughout. There is fine vocalism interspersed through the scenes, but much the greater part of the play is the broadest sort of burlesque, eclipsing anything of the sort that has heretofore appeared here of its peculiar kind.—[Scranton Republican.

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Despite the extremely disagreeable weather, the house was crowded with a fashionable audience.—Evansville Journal.

The house was literally jammed, and the performance by far the best ever seen here.—Nashville American.

The biggest house of the season, many being unable to gain admission. The company is, as its name imports, Mastodonic, and brimful of talent.—Augusta News.

Every available seat was occupied, and hundreds were standing up and down stairs, besides many being turned away. There was a small regiment on the stage, and a refined newness about everything.—Atlanta Constitution. ROUTE: New Orleans, Dec. 13.

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A company presented Widow Bedott here last season, and the profane play-goer called her "Widow B——" something else. Last night, however, a good audience was in attendance to welcome Mr Bishop. It is unnecessary to add that this favorite comedian and versatile actor has made the Widow a grand success. His greeting was hearty and sincere, and he captured the audience from the first.—National Republican, Dec. 14, 1880.

Widow Bedott, as presented last evening by Haverly's Popular Company, is the most humorous play that has ever been given our citizens.—Washington Daily Post.

Business increased nearly $200 nightly after our first performance. This tells the story.

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—AS—

PORTIA.

OPINIONS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO PRESS.

Laura Don made something more than an ordinary success as Portia. Her conduct of the trial scene was not in the least forced, but full of legitimate dramatic effect. Her reading was in the impressive colloquial style which prevails at this day on the stage and at the bar, but it had all the effect of eloquence. At the close of the act she was called before the curtain with much more than ordinary enthusiasm.—Daily Bulletin.

Miss Laura Don, playing the casket scene without the faintest animation toward Bassanio, burst out with a little bit of hilarity in the front scene afterwards, that deserved and got a hearty recall. She read the lines about the quality of mercy with great taste. She was a perfect thing of beauty in the casket scene, dressed in a costume slightly sombre in shade, but exquisitely tasteful and appropriate to the dark brown hair. There was something about her that was charming. The trial scene was materially helped by Miss Don, who assisted Sheridan to every point he could, and deserved the greatest praise—not so much for her playing Portia as for carrying the scene by a personal force distinct from the part altogether.—The Epigram.

Miss Laura Don deserves special praise for Portia, in which she made, during the casket scene, a charming picture.—Morning Call.

The Portia of Miss Laura Don is clever, though slightly affected. It is rare to hear the famous speech in the trial scene better delivered, though it inclines to the sentimental. Her part has evidently undergone as careful preparation as that of the chief actor himself.—The Argonaut.

Miss Laura Don wore a beautiful dress as Portia, and was quite equal to all the ordinary demands of the character.—The Alta Californian.

Miss Laura Don, as Portia, looked as pretty a young lawyer as it is possible to conceive, and in her female garb was equally charming. Her acting was very natural, and her elocution correct and emphatic. Portia is by far the best part we have yet seen this lady enact, and we feel inclined to envy Bassanio all the time. Heaven forgive us! Miss Don is lovely beyond compare, but the professional success which undoubtedly awaits her is less dependent on her personal charms than on her splendid attainments in the art of perfect acting.—The News Letter.

Miss Laura Don plays Portia first in a particularly handsome dress, next in a becoming doctor's gown, and altogether with discrimination and force.—Chronicle.

Miss Laura Don, as Portia, around whom all the interest of the drama centres next to Shylock, played the first scenes with a great deal of womanly grace and piquancy. Miss Don in her woman garb made a charming study in brown, and looked as if she stepped out of Emmanuel Lentze's famous picture of a Venetian lady.

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Only a Farmer's Daughter—Mr. W. Elliott Barnes' admirably constructed drama—was the attraction last night at the Novelty Theatre, Miss Constance Hamblin, in the absence of Miss Emily Rigl, taking the arduous role of Mme. Laurent, the adventuress. The scenery was fine, and all the accessories artistic and appropriate. Miss Hamblin's pathetic powers have been witnessed and acknowledged heretofore in various plays with which her name is identified, but the audience were scarcely prepared for the startling development she has made in the higher lines of her art. Her personation of the hard, calculating, cunning, unscrupulous woman, changing at last into a very demon, was grand indeed, the affectation of broken English carefully carried out, and her whole demeanor charged with a magnetism and intensity that perforce recalled Janauschek. Again and again were her efforts applauded by the house. She would make a first-class Lady Macbeth.—BROOKLYN DAILY TIMES.

Miss Emily Rigl was to have appeared as Mme. Laurent, but on account of illness the part was assumed on short notice by Miss Constance Hamblin, who showed that she was fully equal to the requirements of the role, and acquitted herself to the entire satisfaction of the large audience.—NEW YORK MIRROR.

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